

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,376, Vol. 91.

11 May, 1901.

6d.

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An Eight page Literary Supplement is issued gratis with this number.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTICE.—This number contains the second of a series of five articles on Army Reform, which deal with the following points: (1) The Breakdown of the Voluntary System; (2) Conscription; (3) Conscription as Applied to Great Britain; (4) The same continued; (5) The Distribution of the Home Army.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The new Civil List has been accepted by the House of Commons without any opposition of a serious character. Criticism of these arrangements is and has always been one of its very proper functions and on this occasion it has been exercised very satisfactorily. The new list of £543,000 exceeds the late one by £67,000 a year, and as the Crown revenues are increasing Sir Michael Hicks-Beach calculates that during the next sixteen years no more than £33,000 a year will be the extra charge on the taxpayers. Various economies have been introduced about the Court, but none of them will be received with greater satisfaction than the abolition of the Royal Hounds. For once the Government and the Opposition can cheer together. In connexion with the annuity of £20,000 to the Duke of Cornwall the Chancellor made a statement on the management of the Duchy property which is of extreme value. As leases have fallen in, they have not been renewed. The King has initiated the system of direct relations between landlord and tenant to the profit of both parties. It is in truth a notable example to all ground landlords. In that way as we have on more than one occasion pointed out lies to a great extent the abatement of the slum-property nuisance with the rack-renting associated with it. To the King's practical wisdom and experience we owe a lesson in the soundest social economics.

The Duke of Cornwall's former visit to Australia coincided with the humiliation consequent on Majuba. In what different circumstances he goes there now! Melbourne appears to have surpassed itself in the enthusiasm with which it has greeted him and the Duchess. Their reception in both an official and popular sense is new evidence of the manner in which the war has assisted the consolidation of the Empire. When the King decided that the Duke should still go to Australia, notwithstanding the death of Queen Victoria, he gave as his reasons first that the trip was dear to his mother's heart and second that it was only a fit recognition of the sacrifices the colonies have made in South Africa. What those sacrifices have been the Duke must have realised to the full on Tuesday when reviewing the Victorian veterans, as the men returned from the war may now fairly be called. That he and the Duchess should have made a point of shaking hands with those among them whose wounds are hardly yet healed will do more than many conferences to cement the bonds of the Empire which is broad based on the people's will. The Duke's speech at the opening of the first Federal Parliament was pitched in quite the correct key. No one expects, indeed most would resent, brilliancy of speech at a brilliant ceremonial.

Lord Kitchener's clear statement of the general course of the war since he was in command is the first authoritative announcement of the more ambitious designs of the Boers. The advance into Cape Colony was made with the definite object of reaching the sea and meeting a phantom ship packed with munitions of war. This object was signally defeated, but it was only through the extreme mobility of the enemy that in the South as in the North our intercepting movements were not more drastically successful. During the week the "columns" have had further successes. One telegram reported 11 Boers killed, 78 prisoners, 31 surrendered. A 12-pounder, a 9-pounder, a maxim, and 32,000 rounds of small ammunition were also captured. Colonel Plumer's column in continuation of the operations to the north of Pietersburg has made some trying marches and succeeded in capturing large quantities of stock, but some prisoners and waggons taken by a patrol were recaptured on the return journey. Colonel Grenfell after a stubborn fight captured Fort Klipdam together with 45 prisoners and much stock and ammunition. A corresponding drain on the Boer forces has now been in progress for many weeks, and in the absence of a

centralisation of the enemy it is to be hoped that the monotony of the news will continue.

Sir Alfred Milner on the eve of his departure from Cape Town made such a speech as only a man of action who has fought and won could make. His eloquence came from the store of a long silence and the inspiration of his phrases from months of repression. He said nothing little; and in the monotony of news from the seat of war and the irritation of increased taxation many people in England had been in danger of losing sight of the greatness of the issues. His climax was real not oratorical. He began negatively, showing that his temporary absence was caused by the need of his continued presence, and his happy reference to his return ticket gave an easy refutation to those silly but widely accepted suggestions that the English Government were meditating a set-back of their policy. But the gist of what he had to say lay in his sensible optimism as to the future of the land. The arts of peace had already been resumed in the country, and the time was coming, not less surely because slowly, when the sturdiest enemies would be most staunch in their new allegiance. For this consummation two things are necessary: absolute adherence to present policy and the absence of all vindictiveness towards the latest adherents of the empire.

Mr. Balfour at the Albert Hall said exactly what his audience wanted to hear. He perhaps remembered one or two of Lord Salisbury's speeches on a similar occasion in the same place, and thought the path of platitude was safe. In its beginnings there was novelty in the topic of Imperialism. Now it is a grand commonplace, a datum of all our thinking and acting. What are the topics of the last twelve months but commentaries on the subject? Mr. Balfour so used our persistency in the African War, our patient acceptance of the fiscal burdens it has imposed, the Colonial feeling it has aroused. The steady suppression of the Home Rule idea is another phase of the same fact emphasised by Mr. Balfour. Monmouth is the most recent quotable instance and Mr. Balfour pointed its moral in connexion with the South African War and its occurrence in the very midst of the Budget discussions. Mr. Wyndham spread his wings for a somewhat more rhetorical flight on the universal growth of Imperial sentiment, but his reference to German education in all the learning that makes for success in international competition was as severely practical as the hardest-headed business man could have desired.

The continued and persistently expanding success of the Primrose League as an organisation should doubtless fill a Unionist with pleasure and must fill everyone with astonishment. As a living memorial to a very great man that had recently died, its birth and rapid growth were quite intelligible. But as that memory gets fainter, and with the average man and woman it must get fainter, it was natural to expect that the memorial League would grow less popular. But it has not. Doubtless the explanation is that the League is the only political organisation that has recognised from the first that in democratic politics it is not politics that count. Very few really care for politics; still fewer think about them; but nearly everyone has a vague idea of his country and nearly everyone likes a little music, so long as it is not too good, and a speech or two, so long as they are not too deep, and entertainments generally. And thus thousands to whom a regular political association would to the end of time appeal in vain are caught by the Primrose League. Its creation was the supreme instance of Lord Randolph Churchill's *flair* for what is popular. He knew political human nature core through, as none has known it since. Unless the Radicals discover something that will catch the voter who doesn't care for politics, they will find it exceedingly difficult to overtake us Unionists.

"A schedule in blank" might at first sight seem a not malicious description of the Government's latest Education Bill; and that is the way in which the most intelligent and best mannered of Radical critics, the "Westminster Gazette," virtually describes it. The gist

of the measure is in general terms the definition of a local education authority for all purposes—that authority to be the County Council acting through a committee acting under a scheme. Thus a scheme approved by the Education Board becomes a condition precedent of the working of this Bill. And yet, strange to say, there is absolutely no direction to any County Council to formulate any such scheme. True, in default of any County Council propounding a scheme within a year from the Act's coming into operation (1 April, 1902), the Board of Education may propound one of its own which the refractory County Council must take. But the Board may not do anything of the kind. Suppose another and a less enlightened Education Minister, who was desirous of all things to prevent this Bill "marching," should arise, say Mr. Channing or Mr. Yoxall (who knows what Heaven may have in store for our misdeeds?), no scheme would be formulated by the Board, and any county that wished would lie in its present educational trough. Is there, as a fact, any fear of counties preferring their unreformed estate? We have no doubt that such energetic authorities as the L.C.C. or the Lancashire County Boroughs or the West Riding of Yorkshire will lose no time in proposing a scheme, or a hundred schemes if they had the chance; but we know of others that are likely to see in discretion only an admirable opportunity for doing nothing.

Still, if the schedule is in blank, it is there. The good authorities will fill it up before Sir John Gorst's régime is out, and we shall have discovered which are good and which are bad; and that should be some guide to future action. Evidently the Government think that further experience is required before direction should prevail over discretion. They want the new system to have a chance of growing, when it will attain to greater strength and better adapt itself to environment than would a perfect machine, with which circumstances would have to square as best they could. Unquestionably growth is the right principle in anything which has to do with education; the trying feature of growth, though, is its slowness. However, everything which is to be strong and to last is slow in growth. The best that can be said of this Bill is that it has shown the way. We are quite satisfied that it has directed us rightly to real reform in education, and if the Bill has gone hardly a step along the road itself, it will at least make it easier for those who wish to take the road for themselves.

The debate on the motion to confirm the resolution of the Committee of Ways and Means imposing the export duty of one shilling per ton on coals resulted in a division in favour of the resolution by a majority of 106. The number of votes was 560, an unusually large house, and though there were some Conservative members with local connexions stronger than their party ties who voted against the Government, there was a transference of Radical votes which redressed the balance so that the Government majority was proportionally at about its normal figure. What Mr. Asquith called an exhaustive debate really added little to the impression left by Sir William Harcourt and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's speeches of Friday week. Mr. Asquith had little to say and after the speech of Sir Edward Grey, which was the *pièce de résistance* of the adjourned debate, the discussion was carried on by the heterogeneous mass of minor Radical members and representatives of the coal interest. The result of the whole debate may we think be stated in this way. Most people have been surprised that so many objections could be raised against what struck them as a very feasible tax: and very satisfied that the replies to them have been so very effective.

Sir Edward Grey contrived to escape from the labyrinthine conundrums about supply and demand, taxing the foreigner, the effect of the duty on coal export, on profits and wages and so forth, which formed the staple of almost all the speeches. He seemed to see what hardly occurred to other speakers that this Budget and this coal-tax proposal in particular reopens a kind of financial debate which has been little known for half a century and that we "are embarking on a sea" of which the bulk of members of Parliament have no

chart. That gives a good explanation of many of the subsequent speeches. Another important suggestion made by him was that it would have been better to deal with the Welsh coal for the naval purposes of the country by nationalising part of the Welsh coalfield than by the imposition of the duty. We doubt whether Sir Edward would have the courage of his opinions if he were Chancellor of the Exchequer; but it was a fair hit at the Government, who it must be confessed hardly seemed sure whether they were putting on the duty for the sake of the revenue or the limitation of export. Sir Edward Grey's other proposition, which was also made by Mr. Asquith, was that threepence per ton imposed at the pit's mouth would have been better than the coal-duty. The value of this as an alternative can be tested by Mr. Asquith's assertion that this same threepence imposed as an export duty would suffice to ruin the trade of his Fife constituents. What difference putting on the tax at the pit's mouth would have made Mr. Asquith did not explain.

Time and place could not have been more aptly arranged to test the feeling in the country on the Budget and the coal-duty than in the case of the election for the Monmouth Boroughs on Tuesday. The division had been taken only a few hours before, and if the constituency were not the rose itself, it may be described as a petal of the rose which Sir William Harcourt wears so jauntily; or it may now, alas, be more correct to call it a thorn. For, more prosaically, it is in the midst of that area which was to be ruined by the coal-duty. It is certainly a remarkable election in the circumstances. The constituency is by no means wedded to Conservative idols. In 1892 and 1893 there were Liberal majorities. Now out of 9,803 electors on the register 8,865 go to the poll and return a Conservative candidate with a majority of 343. Since the recent election of Dr. Rutherford Harris the Budget with its coal-duty, specially obnoxious we might assume in such a constituency, has been introduced. The Conservative majority of 688 ought to have been swept away and it has been reduced only by 325. Mr. Lawrence describes his poll as a crushing condemnation of the unpatriotic action of a section of the colliery-owners in opposing the duty. His criticism covers the action of the Opposition leaders who have made themselves the mouthpiece of this opposition.

We may assume from the result of the Miners Conference which met in London to consider whether there should be a general strike as a protest against the coal-duty that the miners have partially recovered their usual degree of sanity. Or rather it would be more just to put it that they have shown themselves more sane than their leaders. For it appears that the reason why the order has not gone forth is that the feeling of the district meetings of miners to which the question was referred showed there was a sufficiently strong sentiment against it to make such a strike impossible. The resolution actually passed was to the effect that this heroic measure is only to be contemplated in case an attempt is made in any district to reduce wages as a consequence of the impost. Wisdom still lingers in the case of the miners. They joined the conspiracy of the masters to show that the profits of the trade would not stand the tax. They now charge them with having deserted them after instigating the strike, when that threat has failed in its intended effect. Naturally they have; a strike for them would be much worse than the coal-tax. They may risk it later in an attempt to lower wages and the miners will then see, if they do not already, that they have cut the ground from under their own feet; and a general strike will be as impossible then as now.

The tale of coal may be completed by a reference to the final collapse of the attempted general strike of miners in France. After enduring bitter distress for 105 days the Montceau miners have had to resume work. They waited expecting the general strike which for exactly the same reason as in the case of our own miners was never practicable, the Referendum having disclosed the impossibility of resorting to such a measure. The Montceau miners return to work im-

poverished without having gained any of the objects for which their strike was declared. That is only a tithe of the destruction that a general strike would have brought to the French coal trade and French miners. English coal-owners would have had another windfall, and added immense profits to those £34,000,000 of which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach made such effective use. There may be a warning in this for English miners who propose to rush into their project of a general strike, though the British coal trade, as the recent discussions have shown, is in a uniquely strong position. Their loss might only be comparative but it would be very real both in pocket and in person.

President McKinley's tour is a curious political phenomenon, the import of which it is not altogether easy to understand. The President's speeches are of the vague and grandiloquent nature to which we are by now well accustomed, they are also clearly dictated by the wish to make himself agreeable to friends and opponents alike which has always been an engaging feature in Mr. McKinley's campaigns and to which he owes no small measure of his electoral successes. But is he playing a deeper game? It may be that he hopes to bring about yet a third term and if so, it is clearly to the title of "Mehrer des Reichs" that he wishes to appeal. The new possessions of the United States are everywhere the theme of his discourse. Of course it is ridiculous to compare Jefferson's purchase of Louisiana with McKinley's seizure of the Philippines. The former was a political proceeding absolutely defensible by every canon of wise statesmanship and its technical illegality was most properly ignored by the Senate. The acquisition of islands by conquest in the Far East would have been altogether hateful to Jefferson and his school. But the attempt to confuse the two issues is only another instance of the President's adroitness in dealing with the "Solid South," which he desires to leave less solid than he found it.

The London County Council's estimates of expenditure for 1901-2 show a considerable advance on those of the previous year. Services and establishment charges are responsible for an increase of £43,000 while the charge for debt has risen by £40,000. Lord Welby, in presenting the Budget, claimed that the Council's indebtedness had not proceeded at a dangerous rate, and that the provision for repayment of debt was in accordance with the strict rules of prudence. But he omitted to mention that for several years the Council starved one of its principal services—that relating to improvements. A feature of omen is the decrease in the profit derived from the tramways worked by the Council. The profit was estimated last year at £42,000 but fell short of that figure by £9,000; this year the estimate is reduced to £13,716. Increase in working expenses and rates is the cause assigned for the decrease. Fortunately this does not affect the leased lines which bring in a safe and regular profit of £40,000.

One hundred solicitors, undischarged bankrupts, coming to Court to prove that the Incorporated Law Society has acted ultra vires in passing a rule that solicitors in such case should not have their certificates to practise, is it will be admitted a monstrous phenomenon. Their position is this. Last November a Divisional Court gave a decision on which the Law Society thought it was entitled to make the above-mentioned rule. This rule the solicitors brought before the Master of the Rolls: and he was persuaded into a belief that there was something doubtful about the Divisional Court's decision. He therefore renewed the certificates of thirty solicitors until next November on the understanding that the legal point must be settled before he renewed them again. In the meantime as the question of renewing certificates does not arise again until next November, no particular case can be brought before the Court, which refused to consider the question until that happens. The doubt may be settled by the Solicitors Act now before Parliament giving the Society undoubted power to do what they have done: but if it does not pass the solicitors hope to get a decision in their favour. If the Society's Discipline Committee

were a satisfactory tribunal, it ought to have the power.

We have full sympathy with the Resolution of the House of Laymen to introduce the use of lessons from the Revised Version where it is desirable in the interest of accurate translation and where it is desired by clergy and people. With equal sympathy we admit that it is not desirable to lose what the chairman called the fire, the spirit, and poetry of the Authorised Version. But what is quite unintelligible is Lord Norton's objection that nothing is more calculated to increase the tendency to scepticism than to leave people in doubt as to the meaning of the words of Scripture. The "words" of Scripture must at least be understood before the "spirit" can be seized and the Revised Version being in more modern speech is probably more easily understood. Lord Norton must quote better authority against the scholarship of the Revisers than Mr. Gladstone's, if his objections are to have much weight.

For England and Wales the as yet unrevised gross Census returns make the population on 31 March, 1901, amount to 32,525,716. This is 168,985 in excess of the Registrar-General's Estimate based on the increase in the previous decade. During the decennial period 1881-91 the increase was 11·65 per cent.; during 1891-1901 it has been at the rate of 12·15 per cent. The detailed examination of the returns for urban and rural areas has not yet been completed but the figures are:—County of London 4,536,034; Other administrative counties 18,850,492; County Boroughs 9,139,190 making the gross total above-mentioned as against 29,002,525 on 6 April, 1891.

Mr. Markham, M.P., on Tuesday hurled again in presence of his constituents the thunderbolt against Messrs. Wernher, Beit and Co. which caused so much consternation in the House of Commons on 19 March. As a litigant we have nothing more to say of him than that whatever be the consequences of the action, "George Dandin had wished it." When the persons attacked found that a libel action could not be founded on his speech in Parliament, they afforded him a way out by stating that if he felt under no moral obligation to repeat his statement they would not make that a grievance. But Mr. Markham has found it more magnanimous to lay in proper form the basis for a second action for libel. He had an hour of excited if not precisely glorious Parliamentary life on 19 March. If he had foregone this sensation and made his attack in unprivileged circumstances in the first instance, he would have done better.

The whole interest of the Stock Exchange has been absorbed during the week by the dramatic scenes in Wall Street. The cause of the panic in American rails which began on Wednesday and raged like a storm through Thursday was the struggle for the control of the Northern Pacific road between the Harriman and Hill groups. Arbitrage dealers and others had sold Northern Pacific Commons which they could not deliver because the shares were still in the hold of a transatlantic liner. The consequence was a "corner" in N. P. Commons which drove the \$100 share up to \$1,000 in New York at one time. It was no use for the sellers to buy the shares in London, as they would have done in normal times, because they could not get delivery until after our settlement next week, and the shares could not be landed in New York until six days later. The sellers had to pay such ruinous prices either for shares or for time to deliver that they were forced to realise their other securities, and this of course produced a panic, during which shares were thrown on the market at declines of from 10 to 20 dollars. It is a curious fact of this crisis, the like of which has never been seen before, that while Northern Pacifics were dealt in at 350 in New York, their price in London was 135. What the outcome of this very serious depreciation of securities will be no one can tell as yet. Of course the values of American rails are unchanged, and shortly no doubt the big operators will embrace over the corpses of the small operators. There is no interest in any other market. Consols closed at 94½.

LESSONS OF TAXATION.

THE Government have every reason to be satisfied with the result of the debates on the coal-duty. From the opening speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the closing speech of Mr. Balfour on the night when the Resolution was carried the case for the duty had gradually become clearer. There was a certain defection of Conservative members balanced by the support of certain Radicals of whom Mr. John Morley, a very significant vote, was one; but the division gave a majority of 106, which on the total of 560 votes, is practically representative of the normal Government strength. The Government however does more than retain this static advantage. In the constituencies we believe it will be found to have made a positive gain. Outside the mining districts the duty was popular from the first, and the desperate efforts of the coal interest aided and abetted by the Opposition have only more deeply rooted the feeling in its favour. It was no accident but a display of real acuteness which balanced the unpopular income-tax and the only less unpopular sugar-duties with the duty on coal. The hierarchy of coal is not in favour; and the policy of the Opposition was as infelicitous as it usually has been of late. It estranged the miners over the Workmen's Compensation Act by taking the part of the employers. Now it cadges for both, and by so doing will injure itself in the many constituencies which resent the political use of the collier vote and drift away from Liberalism. No one supposes there has been any deliberate sacrifice of party advantage on the altar of economic orthodoxy by Sir William Harcourt or Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. They have simply made a mistake; and Sir William shows how far he is from gauging opinion when he derides the "sensational economists" who have shown the danger of recklessly exhausting our coal supply. In Sir William's younger days the public smiled. But times have changed and the public is converted. It approves the duty because it gains in either of two ways. The tax may lessen the export of coal; then we use our own coal and can thereby the better meet foreign competition in other industries. If it does not then we raise revenue, and to that extent "pluck from this nettle danger this flower safety" or at any rate some compensation.

But this is only one of the group of general principles which the duty has brought into prominence. There is the question of the incidence of duties on exports and imports, a sea on which, to use Sir Edward Grey's figure, there is a disinclination to embark, though as he hinted embarkation is not likely to be postponed much longer, as questions of finance become more and more pressing. Sir William Harcourt may already be said to have embarked when he started the theory that a seller is always selling at the very highest price; from which it follows inevitably that an import duty will not necessarily in all cases be paid by the home consumer, in fact that it must be paid by the foreign producer; but that is dancing on the grave of free-trade. From Sir Edward Grey comes the further suggestion of at least a partial nationalisation of the coal by the acquisition of the Welsh coalfields to be worked at leisure for naval purposes. That is an idea well worth considering, but we fancy the Welsh coal-owners will pray to be delivered from their friend who proposes to cut off the source of their monopoly profits. Even the coal-duty, we think they would say, is preferable to that prospect. Last of all the peculiar nature of the opposition formed against the duty raises the question of the legitimate limits within which an industry may contest proposals to tax it. The proposal to declare a general strike has it is true been abandoned, but with a reservation made by the Conference of the mining delegates at Westminster that if in any district an attempt is made to lower wages in consequence of the tax all the mines shall be "laid down." The folly even of this latter proposal appears on the surface, but at least it would be on the orthodox lines of a strike against employers. In the original proposal it was purely and simply a form of organised and illegitimate opposition to Government not to a Conservative or Liberal Government but against the State; and it is of this we are speaking. Taxation has often caused revo-

lutions when the authority of the Government has been disputed; and individuals and even classes have refused to pay certain taxes; but the method of the coal trade which consists in bringing about the wholesale stoppage of their own and other people's industry is one which neither statesmen nor economists have hitherto had to take into account. It would make government impossible and taxation would have to be founded on the paradox that it must only be levied on the weaker and poorer classes. Here again, as in the case of the ownership of the coalfields, the opposition to the tax directs attention to a problem the solution of which might be the State control of powerful organised industries whose unpatriotic action endangered Government. The claim of the coal trade was really that it should not be taxed at all. Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith professed indeed that a tax of threepence on every ton of coal at the pit mouth would be a good tax: but as Mr. Asquith also argued that even if the coal-duty were only threepence it would ruin his Fife constituents his speech was hopelessly inconsistent, and proves what we have just said. Taking this ground the coal trade has gone outside the limits of constitutional opposition. It has brought illegitimate influences to bear on the discussion in Parliament. Similar influences are open to other trades. In one form or another they might be employed by the numerous body of average income-taxpayers. A mandate to members of Parliament, particularly when the Conservatives are in the ascendant, to resist this tax with absolute indifference to the general revenue requirements of the country might be successful: but it would be a claim for privilege and an assertion of irresponsible power over Government which would no longer be free to use its own judgment.

It appears to be generally asserted that Sir Edward Grey's speech had the honours on the Opposition side. But its only distinction was that it recognised some of these larger principles implied in the Budget. Otherwise it illustrated, as did so many of the speeches, that in economic questions people will dispute that two and two make four, if it is against their interest to admit it. The representative of a Northumbrian constituency is exposed to as many subtle if indirect influences as if he were peculiarly interested. It is not our intention to go over the series of arguments good bad and indifferent for and against the specific proposal. All that has been done ad nauseam, and to those who have followed the debate with an open mind it will seem that as good a case has been made for the imposition of the duty as need be in a world where taxes must be levied though their incidence cannot be mathematically determined. The really important matter about the coal-duty and the duties on sugar is that they are a tentative step in a direction which circumstances are forcing us to take. The sugar-duties are professedly imposed merely for revenue, but they are an innovation on and an extension of the field of indirect taxation which for many years has been regarded as a sort of sacred inclosure to be trodden as rarely as possible by the profane foot of the collector of taxes. Behind them too, though hardly as yet avowed, if constantly present as a probability, lies the future imposition of indirect taxes not merely for revenue but for protective trade purposes in the interests of the Empire, and as part of its general fiscal system. The coal-duty is distinctly not a mere revenue duty. Ministerial speakers have hovered between the two ideas of it as a new source of revenue, and as a possible check on the export of a commodity which, in the true interests of our trade and of our national safety in the future, ought not to be allowed to go on unchecked. On either ground they felt they had a strong case and that the feeling of the country would be with them; and this has happened. Even in the Monmouth boroughs it is the supporter of the Government that is returned, though we might have supposed that Sir William Harcourt should have swept him from the constituency on a rising tide of anti-coal-duty declamation. The Budget has raised these questions of taxation from the wider point of view of trade and not merely of revenue raising. Sir Edward Grey spoke of foreign statesmen casting about for export taxes by which something could be got from British trade in return. It will be

strange if before long British statesmen are not also casting about for a financial system which will have a similar solicitude for British trade as one of its avowed objects.

THE EDUCATION BILL.

THE Government have at last produced their Education Bill. In introducing it, Sir John Gorst, whose powers of lucid statement are well known, made an admirable diagnosis of the present anarchy. He discussed and dismissed the various nostrums that have been proposed by way of reform, and then after stating the true remedy which is to set up the County Councils as the local paramount authority for education, he wound up with the lame conclusion that the School Boards are with certain exceptions to be left untouched by the Bill, which will directly deal only with the creation of authorities for secondary and technical education. Such a flourish of trumpets was altogether excessive for so small a Bill. Still the exigencies of the Parliamentary situation must be taken into account. It is unwise for the Government to attempt more than they can carry. Whitsuntide is ominously near, and with much financial and military business still to be disposed of, it is evident that Educational Reformers must be modest in their demands. The real question therefore may be stated thus. Is the present Bill a move in the right direction to extricate us from the administrative morass in which our educational system has sunk, or is it, as one newspaper said in its haste, an Anti-education Bill?

The most serious objection we have heard against the Bill is that it begins at the wrong end in neglecting to establish an enlightened central control before passing to the institution of local authorities. We may have no great belief in the central authority as at present constituted, but we think that given a fair and clear field the local authorities are capable of working out their own salvation. At any rate, if they fail, the hands of the central authority can be strengthened later on. To anyone who looks on education from the national point of view, as affecting all grades of society, the present Bill, meagre though it is, must be judged to be on right lines. In other words it is not an attempt to patch up the present muddle, but a real instalment of necessary reform. It gives shape to the one necessary principle that the County Councils shall be the local authority for education. That should prove the beginning of order. No doubt it seems highly distasteful to certain of the School Boards to admit the suzerainty of the County Councils, especially where overlapping and unfair competition have abounded. But after all we are a sensible people. Voluntary arbitration has already produced no inconsiderable number of concordats. Compulsory arbitration should do much to hasten unanimity. We believe once people come to see that the real question is not what the School Board want, or what the County Council want but what the locality wants, a good deal of misunderstanding will disappear.

If the present proposals shall prove a success, they will no doubt ultimately involve the absorption of the School Boards in the new educational authority. No friend of education wants to abolish the schools, but that does not mean that because the School Boards have got out of hand, they should not be controlled, and, if necessary, taken over. For our part, we fancy that the County Councils, even if they only manage at first Secondary and Technical Education, will sooner or later swallow up the others.

Other clauses of the Bill, though less important, are also on right lines. A praiseworthy provision is that for the formation of joint committees between different counties or counties and county boroughs. It is not infrequent to find a borough school serving a large area of the county which no doubt, if it could, would be glad to take an interest in it. More co-operation, less competition is what we want.

It may be asked, will the Bill pass? We understand that it will be forced through, if necessary. As far as we can forecast, the only determined opposition will come from the Educational machinists who believe in a Board and nothing but a Board, or from others who

see there is little money in it and rather dread that a stricter control will prove a check on School Board extravagance. Enthusiasts will be disappointed at the smallness of the Bill, but their disappointment is not likely to deepen into hostility. Besides it has been suggested to us that the Bill has been vaguely drawn purposely in order to allow the House, if it chooses, to make it more drastic and widen its scope. Perhaps it might be worth the while of some member to see if the hand of the Government could be forced.

CHINESE AFFAIRS.

THE alarmism of Sir Robert Hart's recent pronouncements may usefully be checked by comparison with the China Association's Report for 1900-1. In each case it is the expert who is speaking. We all know that experts do not always agree amongst themselves, but the divergence between Sir Robert Hart and the China Association's conclusions as to the national or local and racial character of the Boxer rising, the cardinal point in the whole Chinese situation, is even unusually sharp. It cannot but give pause to the intelligent layman, who realises equally his necessary interest in China and his helpless ignorance of that land, where nothing works out as it would anywhere else.

Sir Robert, regarding the movement as national, affirms solidarity between Manchus and Chinese; whereas the Association speaks of a rift between the Court and the Provinces made evident during the coup d'état of 1898, accentuated by the attempt to depose the Emperor eighteen months later, and culminating in the refusal of the five most powerful Chinese Provincial dignitaries to take part in the Boxer movement, or to obey the order which undoubtedly emanated from the Court to exterminate foreigners under their jurisdiction. The contrast might be heightened by citing the really "national" protest we have just witnessed, against the Russo-Manchurian Convention which the Court party wished to endorse; and by noting the frank proposal of the great viceroys of the two Kiang and the two Kwang that all Manchu privileges should be abolished as an instalment of reform. The line of cleavage is political as well as racial; the Reform movement having its roots in the Provinces and among the Chinese, while the reaction represents an expression of fear on the part of the Manchus for their pensions and privileges as well as for their dynasty which Russia is said to have been willing to guarantee. One of the most curious features of the situation, moreover, is the dissociation of the Emperor, both in policy and popularity, from his clan. He is declared, on good grounds, to have opposed the recent acts of hostility to the utmost of his power, but to have been overruled by the Empress Dowager and the Manchu members of the Court. "It has been understood from the first that he was averse from leaving Peking, and that he is anxious to return. The vast majority of his subjects are anxious that he should do so. The hopes of the Reformers are centred in his personality; and the only prospect of salvation for China appears to lie in their realisation. But he is still in the hands of the Empress and her advisers, and dependent for release upon rescue or upon their consent." The divergence is made evident even in the diversity of comment on the new Reform Edict which Sir Robert Hart describes (in the current "Fortnightly Review") as forcible and promising; opining that, "with the Emperor at the helm and the Empress Dowager supplying the motive power which prestige conserves, the Ship of State will take a new departure and the order of the day will be Full Steam Ahead," whereas the Association quotes a rumour that the Empress recast and weakened the text which the Emperor had composed. The Association "has been unwavering in the expression of its conviction that her usurpation was pregnant with disaster, and will not easily believe in a pretended 'Volte-face.' So far as can be discerned Kwang Su still lacks authority in the Imperial Council, and the general desire among Foreigners as well as Chinese is to see him released from thralldom and allowed to give effect to his policy himself."

We have been tempted to refer at some length to this feature of the situation because there are indications that the withdrawal of the Allied forces is imminent; and the question naturally suggests itself whether the results attained are commensurate with the effort that has been made. The prolongation of the present situation is undoubtedly pregnant with danger both to China and the West. The difficulty of harmonising various and occasionally divergent views is necessarily great, and the danger of friction where forces of different nationalities are encamped alongside each other has been evident from the first. Men who remembered the success which attended the Administration of Canton by the Allies in 1858 were sanguine that similar results might be attained at Peking. It is a moderate expression to say that their hopes have been disappointed. The "North-China Herald" of 27 March (asking why the recent murder of Mr. Stonehouse in a district practically overrun by foreign troops was possible) answers—"simply because the Chinese Civil Authority has been suppressed, harried, driven away, and nothing substituted for it. The country between the sea and Peking has been devastated, and the people killed indiscriminately or driven out of their houses to become bandits." Memories of the Siege of the Legations, of the murder of the German Minister and Chancellor of the Japanese Legation, of the carnage wrought by the Boxers in Peking, and of the fiendish cruelties perpetrated on foreign men, women and children in Shanse and Chihli are beginning to fade; and it is fair to recall the ruthlessness that has begotten ruthlessness in turn. Still the Chinese people even in Chihli are not all Boxers; and there is danger lest the indiscriminate punishment inflicted should lay the foundation of future ill-feeling rather than of wholesome respect. And so with respect to the Indemnity. That the Court and certain of its nominees in high position in North-China fostered the anti-foreign movement is beyond doubt. But it is equally well known that the great Chinese Provincial Officials stood aloof and maintained order in their jurisdictions. Stress has been laid more than once in this REVIEW on the error of assuming that China has, like Western States, a highly centralised organisation with a system of taxation and accountability concentrating all resources, authority, and responsibility in Imperial hands. Provinces which took no part in the outbreak may think themselves aggrieved if they are mulcted too heavily for misdeeds in which they had no share; and it is a question for the grave consideration of the Powers whether the exaction of an Indemnity so large as to necessitate the imposition of fresh taxes throughout the Empire might not be fraught with danger to tranquillity as well as to the future prosperity of the country. China's potential resources are great, but they are undeveloped, while her fiscal system is mediæval; and the feeling among the foreign community clearly is that increased revenue should be sought in improved methods of collection and account rather than in the increase of imposts. It is held also, for cognate reasons, that an unconditional increase of the Customs tariff would be a far-reaching mistake. That China is entitled to demand revision of the specific dues fixed in 1858 is admitted: they have become obsolete, and the variations in price have gone in most cases against Chinese revenue interests; certain imports paying more nearly 3½ than 5 per cent., while tea pays too much, and silk too little, to the fisc. It is not denied even that an increase of the tariff might be acquiesced in on certain conditions; but it is held strongly that these conditions should be exacted as an equivalent for the concession; and they are precisely such reforms in the methods of collection and account, such improvements of communication and such relief from harassing taxation on the movement of commerce as will permit the great latent resources of the Empire to be developed. The contention is reasonable, and is not likely to be disregarded by the Powers upon whose commerce the burden of the increase would fall; how much soever the simplicity of the method may commend it to others whose contribution would be minute. A diplomatist of long experience was wont to remark that a chief difficulty in dealing with Chinese

statesmen is that they want nothing from us except that we would leave them in peace. Almost the only exception is money. "Finance" (to quote from a letter addressed by the China Association to Lord Salisbury in September last) "is probably the greatest among the many difficulties that beset a backward nation brought suddenly in contact with modern civilisation. It is the most urgent, certainly, of the problems that confront China, and is only to be solved by fiscal reform. Her rulers have tried, with characteristic incompetence, to meet modern exigencies with mediæval resources; but the limit of capacity in that direction appears to have been reached, and fiscal reform is a necessity if additional requirements are to be met without subjecting the people to additional taxation they might hardly endure." Increase of the Customs tariff should be granted only on condition that these changes are inaugurated, and confidence may be felt that Lord Lansdowne will not part lightly with the powerful lever in his hand.

But an essential preliminary to any serious reform is the release of the Emperor from the thralldom of the faction which still holds the seals. That is one reason why foreigners and Chinese alike desire the return of the Court to Peking, and is one reason no doubt why the reactionaries prefer to stay away. Various methods of overcoming this reluctance have been suggested—from coercive expeditions to threats that the occupation of Chihli will be prolonged co-equally with the Emperor's absence. Perhaps one of the most pertinent is that his brother should be appointed Regent, on the ground that absence from the capital implies desertion of the Throne; but such a step would be efficacious only if acquiesced in by the Viceroy who pay ostensible respect, at present, to decrees emanating from Si-ngan. It appears hopeless at any rate, under present conditions, to expect that the Empress will let him escape, or return herself before order is re-established in Peking; and equally hopeless to expect that that will be accomplished until native authority is restored. A strong force must be kept, undoubtedly, at some salient points until the demands of the Powers have been acceded to; but the great thing is to get the Emperor back without the Dowager Empress; and the withdrawal of foreign troops from Peking might be made conditional on his return.

THE ANTI-CLERICAL AGITATION.

OUR leading newspapers have either ignored the simultaneous outbreak of anti-clericalism in the three great Latin nations altogether, or else, believing implicitly the accounts sent to them by correspondents, have not hesitated to approve of it by describing it in their leading articles as a spontaneous outbreak, the result of a justifiable indignation on the part of the population at the gradual encroachment of the Friars, and especially of the Jesuits, upon the liberties of the country. In reality, it is an artificially got-up demonstration, organised by a certain Brotherhood which, although styling itself Masonic, is not in any way connected, so we are assured, with any of the lodges presided over by the honourable fraternity which, by its insistence on the recognition of the existence of the Supreme Being, its abstention from political and religious matters and its active benevolence, has won universal respect in this country. The Masonic lodges in the Latin countries are avowedly anti-religious, and do not for a moment conceal their intention to sap religious belief and replace it by some vague code of ethics which in their wisdom they consider infinitely superior to the teachings of the Gospel.

Somewhere about August last a certain class of Spanish and Portuguese papers, controlled and inspired by the Republican and secret societies which honeycomb the Peninsula, began to publish a series of articles directed against the religious Orders. In this they evidently obeyed an inspiration emanating from the Grand Orient of Paris, where the eventual suppression of the regular clergy and the secularisation of education was already being worked up into an anti-clerical crusade, the results of which became apparent

at the beginning of the present year in the Parliamentary hubbub over the Associations Bill. Spain was the first country after France where this anti-clerical movement assumed anything like considerable proportions. Some few months ago a well-known dramatist produced a play at Madrid entitled "Elettra," on a subject of the Maria Monk order, which the Government thought fit to suppress owing to its being a pretext for an agitation which it provoked on its first representation. We have read the play, and it strikes us as a very indifferent work, both from the literary and the dramatic point of view. We doubt very much if it would have been allowed to pass the censor of plays in this country, not because it is glaringly immoral, but that it is calculated to offend the susceptibilities of a considerable section of the community. A well-organised campaign broke out on the morrow of the suppression of this piece. Every Spanish town has one or more so-called Liberal Clubs, and these, being mainly composed of persons who have nothing to lose but might have something to gain by the fermentation of disorder, soon began to start anti-clerical demonstrations, which speedily degenerated into street riots. There was an incident of an extremely commonplace character, in which a young woman, twenty-six years of age, who was not comfortable at home and who, if we are to believe all we are told, "was hypnotised by the eloquence of a Jesuit preacher" and entered a convent and elected to remain there against the wishes of her mother. The similarity of this adventure with the main incident of the plot of "Elettra" sufficed to induce an excited populace, in obedience to the outcry of its leaders, to clamour for the suppression of all the religious orders as a punishment for an offence committed by one of their members. We have read carefully a vast number of Spanish and Portuguese papers expressing the opinions of both parties and dating from the very beginning of this extraordinary manifestation, and we do not find therein one single definite charge brought against any member, male or female, of any monastery or convent, either in Spain or Portugal. The promoters of these demonstrations have confined themselves entirely to those loathly generalities which in this country we usually associate with such inventive geniuses as the person Ruthven, who was lately condemned and punished by a Protestant judge and jury for his gross attacks on conventual life and morality.

The Portuguese demonstration, however, is far more remarkable than the Spanish since it affords still greater proofs of organised conspiracy. It started at Oporto, where an incident happened which, as usual, has been greatly misrepresented in this country. We are assured by some of our most influential newspapers that "a young girl, the daughter of the Brazilian Minister at Oporto, had been incarcerated by the Jesuits in a convent against the wishes of her father." The facts of the case are as follows. Doña Rosita Calmon is indeed the daughter of the Brazilian Consul at Oporto, but she is not "a young girl," being over thirty-three years of age. For a long time past the unfortunate terms on which this lady lived with her father were well known to her circle of friends and acquaintances. The specific charges which she brought against him are no concern of ours but in the end they led to such scenes of violence between the pair that the gentleman threatened to shut his daughter up in a lunatic asylum, whereupon she appealed to law for protection and even obtained it. After this, as may well be imagined, her home existence became less pleasant than ever. One day she went for a walk, met some friends, who were neither priests nor Jesuits, assured them that she was very miserable at home, and they advised her to enter a certain convent as a parlour boarder, which she did. The populace, misinformed as to the facts of the case, worked itself up to a frenzy of indignation, not only against the Jesuits of Oporto, but against the members of all the religious Orders, the majority of whom were probably not even aware of Mdle. Calmon's existence. Instead of arresting and trying the accused monks individually or in a batch, the Portuguese Government has ordered the Jesuits and other religious Orders straightway to leave the country, which, to their great inconvenience, some of them being very aged people, they have been compelled to do. This violent intol-

ance seems to have given much satisfaction to the vast majority of the English press, which usually prides itself upon its love of fair play. In this instance it has not hesitated to applaud an unjustifiable action, which, if the victims had been "Jew, Turk or infidel" instead of Jesuits, it would have stigmatised, and very justly so, as outrageous.

In Portugal there really was no reason for all this outcry, for, suppressed in 1834, the existing monasteries and convents may be counted on the fingers of both hands. The Jesuits were the first of the religious associations to return after an exile of nearly half a century. They did so about thirty-five years ago on the invitation of the Archbishop or Patriarch of Lisbon, and established a college at Campolide, just outside the walls of the capital. Since 1865 four or five other Jesuit Colleges have been opened in other parts of the kingdom. To these houses may be added two belonging to the French Fathers of the Holy Ghost (*du St. Esprit*) who are missionaries, three Franciscan monasteries and two very small Benedictine monasteries. The convents are not much more numerous and are nearly all educational and tenanted by Sisters mostly of foreign origin. Probably there are not more than a dozen Portuguese nuns all told, and about as many monks. The Portuguese hue and cry over the religious associations is a ridiculous but dangerous parody of the Spanish, which at any rate has a motive, for in that country there are a great number of monasteries and nunneries. Portugal is unfortunately a place where there are an amazing number of idle people who contrive to live on the smallest of incomes, and who use politics as a means to "arrive" and to add to their puny resources; hence this agitation. If not checked, it may eventually lead to the boiling up of one of those temporary republics which, after a good deal of blood-letting and blasphemy and a still greater degree of misgovernment, generally subside after a few months into the old order of things.

A SCHEME OF ARMY REFORM.

II.—CONSCRIPTION.

WHILE the general course of European development and many recent events in particular are unquestionably tending to convert thinking Englishmen to the idea of conscription, not many as yet venture to admit as much in plain language for fear of offending insular prejudice. Still fewer boldly take the field and attempt to impress their conviction in favour of conscription upon others. Of soldiers who take their profession seriously there are, we say without any hesitation, very few indeed who do not believe that conscription in some form is a military necessity and would be a national gain; but they keep their beliefs to themselves, from the feeling that in a civilian-ridden army it is idle for a soldier to talk of conscription to the average man, who will not hear of such a thing. The politician, of course, will not broach the subject (it was splendidly audacious in Mr. Brodrick to get as near to it as he did), for he thinks it would be unpopular: and the fact that he believes conscription really to be a good thing for the country (which he too does in most cases) has no bearing on his actions or on his words. The ordinary civilian who has quietly come to the same conclusion as to the necessity of conscription (and of these there are far more than is usually imagined) is shy of ventilating his views, from an undefined feeling that there is something anti English in advocating conscription, that it is one of the glories of this "tight little island" that it rules an empire ("on which the sun never sets" &c. &c.) without a single conscript soldier and by means of an army far too small for the purpose. There is something very curious in this inverted English sentiment as to conscription, a moral inversion which not unnaturally irritates the Continental mind. For the real truth about our system is simply this that the vast majority of citizens prefer to pay others to do for them what is their own undoubted duty to their country to doing it themselves. Precisely what effeminate peoples have always done; make money themselves and enjoy it, and pay others to

do their fighting for them. What in such an arrangement there is to be proud of as sentiment it is very difficult to see, whatever may be said for it as business. Still this false sentiment against conscription has a great hold on the country, and perhaps on the middle classes in particular, so that, as we have said, they whose judgment is convinced do not like to act on the conviction. All that is wanted is someone to show the way.

What are the real dangers of this bugbear of conscription? They may be classed as economic, domestic, and financial.

The economic objection is that, since every man represents so much potential wealth to his country, the diversion of his energy to unproductive military occupation by so much lessens the nation's wealth-producing capacity. Therefore, if you must have military service at all, do with the least you possibly can; and concentrate such service in a small number of citizens. Better sacrifice a few entirely so as to leave the great bulk of the people wholly free to devote their energies to the production of wealth. By this means you will get both the best fighters and the best wealth-makers; conscription means neither quite fighters nor quite money makers, both doing their work badly. That is a very plausible argument and within its premises very possibly true. Undoubtedly it is true from the military point of view that you will never get a completely efficient fighting machine unless you devote a certain number of men to fighting as the business of their lives; and we are willing to admit that conscription must be supplementary or complementary to, not in lieu of, a standing professional army. But to make a conclusive argument against conscription as a national policy, it must be assumed that wealth-production is more important to a nation than military efficiency; otherwise a system may be the worse economically and the better nationally. Very few would admit that the capacity for defence did not as a national quality come before the capacity to make wealth; so that it may still be true that conscription, though injurious to a country economically, is the best policy as a whole. The problem will then take this form, by how much is it sound policy to impair the wealth-producing capacity of a country in order to enhance its military capacity? It will be a matter of striking a balance. If we were right in saying that it is impossible by any means other than conscription to obtain soldiers in numbers enough to meet our imperial requirements, that seems to us to settle the question in favour of conscription, any economic loss notwithstanding.

But, as a fact, there is no need to admit that conscription is necessarily prejudicial to the wealth-production of the country. To argue that the time not spent in making money but in military service is necessarily loss from the economic point of view is on all fours with arguing that every hour spent in school after thirteen, putting that as the lowest wage-earning age, is economically lost to the country—a fallacy as serious as any into which a people can fall. Regard the time spent in military service as so much physical and moral training. By strengthening and bracing the conscript it may turn him out better equipped for any work he may afterwards take up, so that he will produce more wealth in the residue of his active years than he would have done in his entire life without the military training. In that way conscription would be an absolute economic profit entirely apart from the military gain. Whether, in fact, it would or does in any particular case so work out is naturally exceedingly difficult to prove. But we have the case of Germany to show that a conscript system is at any rate not incompatible with immense commercial energy, progress, and prosperity. To infer more would be misleading. On the other side we have the United States, the most unmilitary country on the face of the earth, and commercially the greatest.

The domestic objections to conscription are more individual than national. Possibly the obstacle it throws in the way of early marriage and the unsettlement of character produced by withdrawing young men from the country to depôts in the towns, or even by their mere withdrawal from regular occupation, might have a prejudicial effect on the moral calibre of the people. Some declare it has done so in France. Still

any such hurt could possibly be mitigated by good management and supervision. Then again to the individual the time taken from a trade he had learnt might mean a loss of skill, which is wage-earning capacity. This, however, should to some extent be reduced in the Engineers, Ordnance, and Army Service Corps; and in the case of men who earned their living by the care of horses, in the cavalry and the artillery. There is also, of course, the risk of losing a situation on going into military training and of inability to find work on coming out. This, as was said, is a private objection only, for clearly conscription would not necessarily lessen the number of situations to be obtained or in any way make it more difficult to obtain work. There is however this objection that food, clothing and shelter being necessarily provided for the soldier with no exertion on his part, he, having everything found for him, tends to lose habits of resource and self-reliance.

The financial objection, the immense cost of a large increase in the army by a system of conscription, merely comes to the question, is it desirable or is it necessary for the common weal? Military strength is not a luxury but a necessity, and if such strength can be obtained no other way, or not as well any other way, cost cannot be regarded as an obstacle. Nations less rich than we do not shrink from the financial burden of conscription; democratic France does not; and the great body of English consumers are not so far behind the French in civic spirit as to obstruct a profound national reform merely because it might mean the curtailment of many of their comforts. The poorer people would not feel the extra burden much, as they should not, and the middle classes, on whom it would mainly fall, would for the most part, we believe, accept it, and if grudgingly and of necessity, still they *would* accept it rather than weaken their country. Moreover as a set-off against the increased expense, it must be remembered that the four millions now annually spent on the auxiliary forces would be saved, were conscription established, while the conscript would receive less pay than the professional soldier—6*d.* a day would be a likely payment.

On the other side of the account there is to be placed, first, the enormous military gain; a gain in quality as well as in quantity. The general physique of the troops would be far higher than it is at present; for each conscript would be in his twentieth year when he began to serve; and the whole tone of the army would be raised by the class of recruit obtained, which should do much to modify that contempt and dislike with which the middle classes now only too often receive the soldier.

Then there is the political gain; diplomatically it would modify the whole situation in favour of England; it would free Ministers' hands; it would enable us actually to prevent fighting by a show of force; it would tend generally against war, more especially because with a conscript army the realities of war are more nearly brought home to a people than when all the fighting is done by professionals. Jingoism would thus have less power to force war on a Government. Incidentally, too, it may be mentioned that conscription would have a good effect on our international relations with Continental peoples by removing a perfectly intelligible source of invidium.

But, after the military gain, the greatest national advantage lies in the physical discipline and training conscription would provide for a large number of boys at the most critical time, when the modern conditions of town life tell most seriously against their right development. It is no small thing to convert a number of slouching and unmannerly loafers into well-set-up young men. The physical decay of our always accumulating town populations is the most sinister symptom this country has to face. The fact of decay is absolutely indisputable and if we want to preserve our very existence as a nation, we simply cannot overlook a single agency that may tend to arrest this ominous process; and we cannot doubt that conscription is such an agency.

"SOVRAN WOMAN."

"SOVRAN WOMAN" is an annual toast with a club that calls its members after the strictly celibate White Friars. What an odd irony is that which by the accident of a street and a club in London associates those earnest, honest religious with, of all things in the world, journalism and "literary men"! The Sovran Woman this year was Miss Corelli. Corelli in the seat of the Friars! Well to be much in the Devil's confidence and the accredited historian of his sorrows would doubtless, from her point of view, give a good title to sit in any ecclesiastic's seat. And the "Mere Man" (the complementary toast) was Mr. Winston Churchill. He was the hero and the author of "Boy" the heroine of the evening. Literatasters (why not as well as poetasters and criticasters?) are seldom amusing, except in their own despite. But there certainly was humour in this allotment of parts with its consequent juxtapositions. For if Mr. Churchill can succeed in becoming a "mere man," he is almost certain to become a great man. Unquestionably he is an interesting figure just now, and the Lord Mayor, who is not literary and talked good sense, did not exaggerate when he spoke of the inevitable appeal to the imagination of a descendant of Marlborough and Randolph Churchill, himself a soldier and a politician, or rather who has been a soldier and hopes to be a politician. But Mr. Churchill can hardly have been quite happy in his environment on Friday week; for he is a man of letters. (It is no use trying to deny that title to one who could write the "Malakand Field Force" and the "River War"); and the strange thing about the White Friars is that though they are all "literary" people, and some of them very well known (to fame, as they would say themselves), not one of them is known as a man of letters. We should not say all of them are "literary;" a few of them are men of action, ordinary civilised men, who join for the amusement of watching the others. Kail-yard and Corelli was the Friars' Friday fare; it left one hungry, but not for more.

"Sovran Woman;" by the author of "Barabbas"! How the phrase smacks of pretentious falsity. And how like the "artistic temperament" and "the literary man" to rejoice in playing the simulacrum of a simulacrum. Not content with being a sham because it cannot help being one, it must try to reproduce an elaborate sham now happily deceased. The worship of woman in its palmiest days, in the days of the Euphuists, was always a lie, but it was a real lie; nothing so insufferable as the poor imitation of a lie. And the real lie was clothed in a very grand manner, and the liars being born to the manner could do it well. They were magnificent liars, not grotesque storytellers. However, if it pleases "literary men" and "scape-goats" and "mighty atoms," who live "the life romantic" "in the golden days," thus to play the fool, it need not much concern men and women.

But the strange thing is that in the time of the later chivalry, it *was* the men and women who played at "Sovran Woman;" played most persistently. They were not deceived: they were much too clever to be deceived by their elaborate tall talk. Do you suppose that the man who called a very plain woman his "Venus Victrix," or a stupid woman "Athene," or a homely matron, "Juno, queen of heaven and hearts alike," suffered from any hallucinations as to the plainness of the one, the silliness of the other, or the ordinariness of the third? Probably the one woman, or at most the very few women, for whom he had some real regard and admiration would be the only ones whom he would not thus apostrophise, and the gayest robe and the most glittering crown he would reserve for her he meant to spoil. To her he would prostrate himself, while the bystanders enjoyed the mockery. That was homage to divine woman!

And divine woman had to play up to the part. He spoke his lie: she acted hers. She was so unearthly a being that she had to be wholly indifferent to him; she had to take as her due, as the merest of rights, this attribution of all the graces and the powers of a goddess. How this made for honesty, she knowing all the while that she was a very ordinary animal and aware that he knew it too! And so they danced through life's

stately minuet, he fronting her; he bows and she curtsies, he gives his hand and she takes it, and he smiles and she smiles, and each, as he smiles, thinks how well the other lies. For each knows exactly what all this courtly homage means. This worship of woman, this hyperbole of gallantry, is an elaborate jest on man's part to cover his contempt for woman's inferiority, a jest which she accepts to disguise the shame of the inferiority she feels. He paints a simulacrum, a miserable idol, that both may look to it away from the other.

And among the humbler folk, though they never attained to the grand and elaborate lying of the higher circles, there was still a deal of sex falsehood, and it hung about them much longer, surviving the dead and ghastly jest of euphuism even down to our own day. The girl was a sylph, a nymph, a fay, an immaterial being; who lived without food, was too delicate to exercise her body, too "feminine" to use her mind. She must not interest herself in man's things; she was too light and airy a butterfly to be troubled with serious matters. She might dally with accomplishments, hovering round them but never settling on one. To be the cynosure of the young men of the neighbourhood, that was the natural, the only goal. And the young men dangled and adored. But she must be "maidenly" and must not like any of them and must avoid them, just as you may see a pair of doves, the hen running away, making believe to escape from her mate. Coquetry, the most abject form of cunning, is admired. The fluttering "young thing," who holds her band of boy followers in servitude, is smiled on caressingly as she pretends to despise them all, when their admiration is her one pleasure, the sole thing she ever thinks about. Less clever (and less insincere) than her sisters of the grand monde, she suspects no sarcasm when she is called a goddess, for she thinks she is one. Still less does she feel humiliated, when she enslaves and makes ridiculous a man ten thousand times her better, as he calls a little fool like her perfect and divine. Perhaps the most ignominious spectacle human nature affords is the bourgeois troubadour. And this was never "unfeminine;" this was quite "maidenly." Middle-class maidenhood may have been lovely; it was not noble. Witness Jane Austen.

This too is fast dying. Women by education and their mode of life are not inferior as they were; they feel no need of the fiction of men's canonising and are aware that they are neither nymphs nor butterflies, nor divine; and they would know it was an insult if anyone called them such, unless it were the idealism of a very great love, an entirely different matter from the "prerogative of woman" and all that wriggled in its train. Parody is not idealism. No decent man would now think of complimenting a decent woman; it would be the worst of ill-compliments, for it is to say that the woman is on a lower plane and therefore may be patronised. It is realised that man and woman differ in degree, not in kind, so that they have a life in common, and hundreds of things are now expected of women that were never asked for in the days of gallantry. That is homage worth having. It is worth women's while to lose a baby's privileges in exchange for a grown person's rights. One result of this happy development is the growth of friendship between boy and girl, man and woman, a thing almost undreamt of in the ages of gallantry. The death of gallantry is no hurt to courtesy: they are not twins. Woman now stands beside man; she no longer sits with her feet on him in effigy, and his feet on her in reality. The world has at any rate one sham the less.

SPRING IN ITALY.

I CROSSED the Sierra Morena many years ago in early spring. The railway from Madrid went no further south than Manzanares, and there we were to make connexion with the diligence. It started at midnight, and by a misunderstanding at the Madrid office, we found ourselves detained for twenty-four hours in a *venta* rather than a *fonda*. The windows were open to the winds: the cold was intense: we had to wash at a half-frozen well in the courtyard, and we travelled

thirty miles to a railway restaurant on the chance of a decent dinner. Chilled to the marrow, we mounted to the banquet: we traversed treeless La Mancha in a howling gale: we dragged up the northern steep of the Sierra through snow and sleet: came repeatedly to a deadlock when the mules broke down: descended the southern slopes through seas of mud and slush, and drove into Cordova at dawn on the second morning. The sense of blissful exhilaration in the semi-tropical valley of the Guadalquivir repaid all we had suffered, and that is saying much. It was passing from Esquimo-land to Araby, as you breathed the balmy fragrance of flowers and lounged through the orange garden with its loads of blossom and golden fruit to the Moorish portal of the columned cathedral-mosque. That sharp transition to Heaven from Heaven's opposite, though an experience that can scarcely be repeated, is the best comparison I can think of for the coming of spring to the Campagna. Rome, in respect of climate, is not an agreeable winter residence. The grey skies matched well with the grim old city as it used to be; the narrow streets with the lofty houses are built to exclude any stray sunbeams, and the plash of the fountains chime in depressingly with the drip of the flying showers from the eaves. Nor do you gain much, if you hope to raise your spirits of a winter day, by changing the scene to the Campagna. Before the Court flitted from Florence, and the jerry builder was let loose among historic buildings and secular groves, nowhere was the transition sharper from city to country. And what a country! French writers like George Sand, About and Dumas pronounce it the abomination of desolation. Englishmen are more inclined to see the picturesqueness when it is lit up by the bright scarlet of the Roman hunt, or when the glow of the setting sun is reflected from a red carpeting of withered weeds. But when the sun is setting you must be spurring for the gates. One day you are riding home, fearing to be benighted: the tread of your tired horse is on an empire's dust. Grey vapours assume fantastic shapes, wreathing themselves around solitary watch-towers and the long lines of crumbling aqueducts. Broken crosses by the roadside commemorate so many murders: here and there is a hut of reeds, by a bit of rushy swamp, pestilential as anything in the Pontine Marshes and eloquent of agues and lingering illness. The spectres of malaria seem to take invisible form, and you scent the presence of the pestilence that walks in darkness. The tints of chrome yellow and burnt sienna shade away in mid distance into absolute blackness. Except for the hooting of a screech owl or the distant bark of some shepherd's dog, all is silence. Few strangers in Rome have livers in good order and you feel possessed by a very legion of blue devils.

Two days have gone by, bringing a pleasant change in the weather, with warm rain and soft southern breezes. You ride out again on a brilliant March morning, to rub your eyes at the strange transformation scene. For the Campagna has cast its cerements to put on the garments of gladness. There is the song of birds from each tangled brake of brushwood, and the clamorous chirping of field crickets. Swallows are sweeping round and skimming each stagnant pool. The lizards are sunning themselves in the welcome warmth, glancing as you approach, from stone to stone, and peering with bead-like eyes from the sheltering spray of rosemary. The first gorgeous butterfly of the spring goes fluttering by. As for the flowers, they have sprung up, as by enchantment. There is a flush of violets, and they scent the air, where they are not overpowered by the stronger fragrance of the thyme and a variety of such sweet-scented herbs as are cherished in old-fashioned gardens. Here is a blaze of "flame-born anemones:" there are great stretches of the starry asphodel, an emblem of the soil in which it flourishes, for though beautiful it is poisonous. And everywhere is the grey rosemary, though truly it associates itself with shrouds and coffins. But it is not on such a day that one is given to think of death, and the vampires in subterranean vaults are sleeping through the sunshine. The air is dancing with something of a faint heat haze, the crests of the Sabine Hills are trembling

in the transparent ether against the skyline. If you have passed the Campagna and climbed the hills, you come on the gardens of the Villa d'Este, already redolent of penetrating odours, and luxuriant in the bursting exuberance of rank vegetation. And already, in the heat, the cool grotto is welcome, where you sit on the stone margin of the fountain, with its floating tapestries of maidenhair, or you rest in the Ionic temple of Tivoli, whence you look down towards invisible depths of the verdant ravine.

Change the scene to spring at Sorrento, where there are altogether different types of beauty. Once for my sins, tempted by sweet vernal reminiscences, I hired a habitation there for the winter. I forgot to take the aspect into consideration. Even hibernating Sorrento could never be divested of beauty, but the climate was detestable. It was a continued cold English April, with drenching showers. The sun at meridian took an occasional flying shot at the depths: the paved paths mounting between the mossy vineyard walls were always running in rivulets or torrents as the case might be. The villa, with its massive colonnades, was built for coolness in summer: there was a sheer descent from the colonnades into a profound abyss, where the orange trees were always dripping with moisture. Nothing could be more romantic—or more abominable. Spring came, not with the sudden rush of the Campagna, but spring did come at last. The charm of the Sorrentine peninsula is its marine surroundings. You climb to the Deserto, commanding on one side the Bay of Salerno, on the other the Bay of Naples. Southwards you look out—in fancy—towards Pæstum and Amalfi. To the westward is the long populous amphitheatre of Naples Bay, with its rocky breakwater of Capri to the left, and volcanic Ischia frowning in front. These islands, by the way, are paradises in spring decked in draperies of pink and snow-white blossom, and abounding in all temperate and semi-tropical fruits. The sea-breezes you inhale on the heights of the Deserto seem to waft to you the promise of their summer wealth. Coming back to Sorrento, you make a détour, crushing thyme and wild marjoram on the slippery slope, till you leave the sheep pasture for the peasant holdings which send their produce to Naples market. Every plot is sedulously irrigated and carefully cultivated with the spade. And each is skirted by almonds in full bloom, and the almonds and the fig groves are vocal with nightingales, when the noon-day heat is gone by. Turning a corner you look down on the Piano of Marssa, a chequered expanse of corn-field, vineyard and garden stretching between the mountains and the sea-cliffs. Conspicuous everywhere are the dome-roofed stone pines—picturesque blotches of black on the swelling ocean of verdure. Looming over all are the three peaks of S. Angelo, and the cone of Vesuvius, with its white vapoury cloud, smoking like a wood-fire on which water has been thrown. You get an idea of the floral wealth of the country on the Chiaia of Naples, where baskets of violets are being sold—without bargaining—for half a lira, and pots of lilies for a few centesimi.

ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

THE ACADEMY.—I.

ROYAL MEMORIALS.

THE omens seem to point to an active patronage of art under the new reign; Art is a shy courtier, once banished, and it is probable that heavy tolls will be paid to imposing and officious go-betweens before her address is rediscovered.

The English monarchy had its share of good fortune in portrait-painters, while it was willing to be fortunate. When the Reformation shut out Italy, Germany sent Holbein, by way of the colony of Hamburg merchants, and the image of Henry VIII.'s Court was stamped in one of the rarest unions of truth with the felicity of art; if Holbein showed a bias it was in the direction of bourgeois stolidity. The next great luck was when Charles I. secured Vandyck. Vandyck was more the courtier in painting; we can just discover by examination of his portraits and comparison with others more matter-of-fact the opinionated Scotch "body" in

Charles that we should expect in the son of his father. But he was also the doomed prince in his bearing, and artist in his taste, and Vandyck wove a fine romance about that reading of his head. Lely, a gamesome if heavy shepherd, was moderate good luck for the Restoration. With the House of Hanover royalty turned dense to art and continued so through the most brilliant period of English painting; George IV. only, was a bit of a connoisseur and shone upon Lawrence.

Queen Victoria, as a Quarterly Reviewer has had the striking inspiration to say plainly, had no taste for painting. She favoured a number of painters and sculptors who may be best described as "private," but shrank from portrait-work of any character as "ugly." Curiously enough it was in her reign that photography came in, so that she was the first of sovereigns to be practised upon by that ruthless process. In the days when there were no photographs but many first-rate artists princes lent themselves willingly to strongly characteristic painting. The lords of Rimini and Ferrara had a royal pride in their own heads figured with all the aggravation of art. The modern prince yields himself to the accidentally regulated brutality of the camera, but never, if he can help it, allows an artist to build a painter's or sculptor's design on his features. What he demands of painting is an infinitely retouched and falsified photograph. This demand puts artists, when they do get an opportunity, in a great difficulty. Under Queen Victoria monarchy and Court life were in essence middle-class. To render this in tune a homely, intimate treatment in painting was the only appropriate; but the perverse notion of "art" as an effacing, prettifying, and thereby vaguely exalting process ruled out the necessary truth and closeness, while any effort to transform cosy homeliness and simplicity into pomp was to work against the powers of the air. I make all allowances for the difficulty of the task whether painter, or sculptor, before I go into the ungrateful business of examining two monuments that are forced upon our view at the present exhibition.

Just before the Queen's death a French painter, M. Benjamin-Constant, had a sudden success with Her Majesty. Commissioned to execute a supplement to the "Illustrated London News" he had found his inspiration in the gothic of the House of Lords. With this setting, a western light and a photograph of Her Majesty, he put together a really ingenious symbol. The expensive gothic of the House of Lords was there for pageantry of Empire and lonely state; there was enough of likeness for recognition; concessions to homeliness in the pocket-handkerchief and fan, and over the whole the western light played with the liveliness of a brass band. If we make the effort to divest our idea of a picture of the refinements of conception colour and form that we are pleased to think necessary, we can see that to those who do not reckon these things at all this must appear a very fine picture indeed. On such terms of insensibility the machinery of a certain emotion is complete. As Dr. Johnson said of the port (if I quote him correctly), "It is strong sir, and it is black sir, and it makes you drunk, and what more would you have?" The picture is striking, and it is yellow, and it makes you cry, and what more would you have? That there is no wine is irrelevant, if the palate does not taste it.

I gave full credit, I think, to M. Benjamin-Constant at the New Gallery, for a gift within certain limits. When close-riveted to the fact he can express, with a high degree of accuracy, the forms of a face, and the result, if somewhat wooden, has its interest and value. But the draughtsman in M. Constant seems to be associated with a dangerous person who has a great deal of taste and fancy, but taste and fancy such as we look for in a commercial traveller rather than an artist. These gifts are ingeniously displayed in an article in this month's "Harper," which reads like an emotional trade-circular, and whenever the draughtsman gives his partner a free hand, they show with lamentable effect in the painting. When I saw the Queen's portrait at the Paris Exhibition last summer I escaped with the feeling that here was an apotheosis less tolerable than the caricatures of

the Queen that had shocked English sentiment earlier in the year. It is conceivable however that for the Queen herself at that moment it was not disagreeable to distinguish a Frenchman who offered her homage instead of insult, and the picture seems to have passed muster. Her Majesty, distrusting her taste in these matters, used to confine herself to positive criticism of detail. When the first Jubilee picture was submitted to her she is reported to have said simply "Our face is too red." In this case she pronounced the blue of a ribbon inaccurate. Whatever the degree of sanction given to the picture was, it has sufficed to hang it in the Academy with the consideration that belongs to an official act of mourning for the Queen. It is impossible to sympathise very much with the Academicians. On what ground could they protest? Indeed with Mr. Dicksee, whose taste in painting they prize so highly, as their leading representative this year, they could not but welcome M. Constant. But it is an unfortunate thing that the King of England should be so badly advised as to recommend a picture like this by the full force of his authority to the admiration of his people.

Mr. Onslow Ford's colossal seated figure of the Queen does not challenge us by appearing under direct royal sanction, but it is a more serious affair by so much as monumental sculpture is more permanent and less avoidable than painting. Mr. Ford, like M. Constant, is limited in artistic range. He can produce a pleasing likeness and imitate natural forms with a certain life-likeness and suavity; but in large sculptural design and still more architectural design he is terribly uncertain. His "Huxley" of last year was one of his best designs, but the Queen has been altogether too much for him. He had produced a plausible likeness in a bust; from that to a monument is a huge step which Manchester, pleased no doubt with the bust, has invited him to take. I observe that people generally and sculptors themselves regard the Queen in age as a difficult or impossible problem for a statue. I can only explain this by the atmosphere of silly timidity already referred to. Of course if a man's idea of a beautiful statue is limited to the imitation of a conventionally beautiful and tall model, the Queen must appear desperately difficult to treat; if his idea is the sculptor's idea of a beautiful block into which a portrait fits, then the Queen was a capital figure for his purpose. Mr. Ford is not big enough sculptor to imagine or dare this; he determined on a seated figure with draperies to disguise and lengthen it out and tremendously imposing architecture in the throne to make up for loss of character. But the throne raised new difficulties. Afraid of his subject, Mr. Ford next was alarmed by the back of his throne; he has therefore made it like those uncomfortable pieces of furniture which serve two purposes. Behind is a second group, quite out of scale with the first, and the architectural junction is effected in the most ludicrous way. In front a likeness of the Queen's head surmounts two zig-zag torrents of drapery, and this zig-zag movement, which lends, by design or accident, terrific emphasis to the furrows between the nose and the corners of the mouth, gives a supreme yawn above in the broken pediment at the back of the throne. Behind is the second group, "Maternity," and between these two points of view we are offered, at the side, the interest of three incongruous forms competing in the support of nothing in particular. It is odd to knock about so much in art as a sculptor must do and remain so blind to the A B C of proportion and unity in architectural construction. A sculptor so weak in this matter as Mr. Ford might take advice from some architectural student to correct the grosser faults of scale and form. Is it too late for him to do this before these dreadful forms are executed in marble, and can he not sacrifice the second group in the interest of unity? Donatello, a prince of designers, was not above allying himself with an architect.

Mr. Brock shows a bust of the Queen which came as a relief after these two monuments. I have not examined it with attention yet, and will not attempt to deal with pleasanter matter in the pictures and sculpture at the fag end of a disagreeable article.

D. S. M.

A PUZZLE IN LITERARY DRAMA.

WHAT, precisely, was Mr. Henley's share in the plays done jointly by Robert Louis Stevenson and himself? This is a baffling problem, meet to be mooted rather in the long Winter evenings than when Spring hovers airily over us to unknit our brows. Nevertheless. . .

To evaluate, from a work produced by A and B, the share of B, your best way is to proceed by elimination. Analyse the work into its component parts—its matter, method, style, and so forth. Then set aside all that in it might be due to A, as A is known to you through the work done by him single-handed. The residue, presumably, must have been done by B. This presumption becomes a certainty if, referring to any work done by B single-handed, you find that any of it coincides with that part of the joint work which does not seem to have been done by A. You may now, of course, find in the joint work things that could have been done either by A or by B. Some of the things that were A-like may, in the light of B's other work, seem to be equally B-like. For them you must give half-credit to both men. You may, on the other hand, find things that you can attribute neither to A nor to B. For these, also, you will divide the credit. They are the result of fusion.

Apply this method to the two plays which were performed last week at Her Majesty's, "Macaire" and "Beau Austin." Take "Macaire" first. "A Melodramatic Farce" it is called, though it is rather a farce suddenly transformed, at last, into a melodrama. Stevenson, single-handed, was prolific of both these forms in his books. As examples of his farce we have the immortal "New Arabian Nights;" of his melodrama, "The Pavilion on the Links," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and the greater part of every romance that he wrote. Therefore there is no reason why he should not have alone conceived the plot of "Macaire." There is (I forestal, unscientifically, the proper working of the process) very good reason to suppose that Mr. Henley did not conceive the plots of the plays written with Stevenson, inasmuch as he has never by himself shown any tendency to story-telling. As critic, as lyric and descriptive poet, he has been active. In fiction he has done nothing. Even if he had, the plot of "Macaire" (as also the plots of "Deacon Brodie" and "Admiral Guinea") would obviously be Stevenson's. No one that has read "A Penny Plain and 2d. Coloured"—and who with any love for the art of writing has not read that perfect essay many times?—could for one moment doubt the source of these plots. Out of Stevenson, by Skelt: that is their one possible pedigree. The horrific scenes and figures that the small boy Stevenson used to cut out from Skelt's pages, and to paste upright, and to manipulate on the stage of his own toy theatre, they are the self-same figures that he projected in his prime. Fondly he remembered "those pages of gesticulating villains, epileptic combats, bosky forests, palaces and war-ships, frowning fortresses and prison vaults," and these horrific plays were not less the obvious outcome of that piety than was "A Penny Plain and 2d. Coloured." In plot, then, "Macaire" was his. The choice of Macaire as protagonist is, surely, his also. Not only was Macaire among the figures enumerated by him as being in Skelt's repertory, but the whole conception of Macaire—its difference from the traditional conception—is essentially Stevensonian. This eloquently philosophic scoundrel, this tatterdemalion with transcendental schemes for subjugating his fellows, is too like Stevenson's Villon and Stevenson's Dynamiter not to have sprung fully-equipped from Stevenson's own brain. His companion, too, Bertrand—how could one attribute him to anyone but that writer who always so persistently revelled and excelled in delineating a timid nature thrown into perilous affairs? The passion of fear was the one passion that Stevenson never could keep out of anything he wrote. A score of instances will occur to every reader of him. The rest of the characters are mere supernumeraries. They could have been conceived by Stevenson or anyone else. How about the actual writing of the play? Here, again, one is confronted with the certainty that it is all Stevenson's.

"Blessings on that frontier line—the criminal hops across, and lo! the reputable man." The little verb "to hop," and, in opposition to it, the pompous Latinity of "reputable," when "honest" was the so obvious thing to say! That is a trick which only Stevenson's subtly humorous sense for words could have played for us. Again, "your soul is incorporate with your stomach," "I find you all—permit the expression—gravelled," "Where is my long-lost child? produce my young policeman, show me my gallant boy"—who but Stevenson could have made these phrases, which are fair examples of the play's manner throughout? It remains to be wondered whether Stevenson did the technique, the construction, of "Macaire." He might well have done it. It is just what one would expect from an amateur dramatist who did not take the stage at all seriously. The sudden change of key from sheer farce to sheer melodrama, and the monotony and superfluity of much in the opening scenes, smack sharply of the trifling tiro. At the same time, one could not assert surely that they were Stevenson's. Now that we have analysed the play, let us sum up the residue from what Stevenson might have done in it. Lo! there is no residue at all. Stevenson might have done the whole thing out of his own head. Appearances lead one to believe that he conceived the plot, drew the two important characters, wrote the dialogue. There is, on the other hand, nothing to stamp him surely as drawer of the subsidiary characters or as technical constructor. Thus the present inference from the evidence is that Mr. Henley may have constructed the play and drawn all the characters but Macaire and Bertrand. To test this inference, turn to Mr. Henley's record. He, as I have said, is a critic and a lyric and descriptive poet. Those qualities through which, in the arts of criticism and poetry, he has won his high reputation do not, certainly, obtrude themselves from "Macaire." Much in the play is characteristic of Stevenson, of Mr. Henley nothing. That Mr. Henley may have drawn the subordinate characters is, nevertheless, possible. As I said, anyone could have drawn them. Also, being, like Stevenson, an amateur in dramaturgy, he may have been responsible for the construction. Such is the conclusion one draws as to Mr. Henley's share in the play. It is a conclusion not satisfactory to our general admiration of Mr. Henley. However, it is but an interim-conclusion. Mr. Henley, as I shall show, must have done more than what we can give him credit for at first sight.

With "Beau Austin" the case is much the same as with "Macaire." True, this play is a comedy, and comedy was not a form in which Stevenson dealt. At the same time, he, as being a creator in fiction, seems likelier than Mr. Henley to have conceived the plot of it. Moreover, the character of the Beau himself, round which everything revolves, is as thoroughly Stevensonian as the character of Macaire. It is, indeed, the character of Prince Florizel of Bohemia, realised on a comedic plane. Florizel as foreign potentate in modern London was farcical, but Florizel as dandy on the Pantiles becomes perfectly possible and comedic. That magnificence, that "stately and agreeable demeanour," that infinite span of condescension, become matter for smiles, for tears even, though before they could evoke only one's roars of ecstatic joy. Yes! surely, the Beau is Stevenson's. The paternity of Dorothy Musgrave is dubious. She is a shadow, and Stevenson, as we know, never could draw a woman. But then, the chances are that Mr. Henley, likewise, never could draw a woman. So let the credit for Dorothy Musgrave be divided between the two. Also the credit for the Aunt, the valet, and the other characters, who, though there is no reason to attribute them to Mr. Henley, do not remind one of any characters in Stevenson's books. The construction of the play—not inconsistent like the construction of "Macaire" but timid and frail—may be due to either of the authors. But the writing—again the writing seems authentically, exclusively, Stevenson's. "I am the rejected suitor of this young gentleman's sister, of Miss Musgrave. . . . See in how laughable a manner fate repaid me! The waiting-maid derided: the mistress denied, and now comes this very ardent champion who insults me." The voice is the voice of

Florizel, in all its clear and mellifluous cadences, and there are none of those bristles that might betray to us the prose of Mr. Henley. Mr. Henley's prose-style is admirable, but it is essentially a bristling style. It sprouts, it pricks. It sprouts in uniformly brief sentences, pricks with uniformly sharp "points." It never waves and caresses, as did Stevenson's. The dialogue in "Beau Austin" waves and caresses in the truly Stevensonian mode. I am convinced that Mr. Henley did not write it. So far, then, the inference we have come to is that in "Beau Austin" Mr. Henley may have drawn Dorothy and the other minor characters, may have done the construction, and may, improbably, have conceived the main idea of the story, and that Stevenson did the rest. Again the conclusion leaves something to be desired by us admirers of Mr. Henley. Let me try to supply that something.

There must be some fallacy in the evidence from which we deduce that Mr. Henley played so small a part in the collaboration. If he had not played a part greater than it appears, the collaboration would have been a farcical affair, and Mr. Henley never would have allowed his name to be tacked on to plays with which he had had practically nothing to do. Can we reconcile the difference between what seems and what must have been? "Dexterously, good madonna." Mr. Henley, brought into contact with Stevenson, was so affected by the fascinating personality of his companion that he lost his own identity, and became Stevenson, thought like Stevenson, felt like Stevenson, imagined like Stevenson, wrote—no, I cannot believe that any of the script was his. Stevenson wrote the plays, and Mr. Henley, to balance the collaboration, invented them. In the other collaborated works of Stevenson we do not wonder at our difficulty in determining what he did not do. Reading "The Dynamiter," we remember that the cleverness of all wives is soon assimilated to the cleverness of their husbands. Reading "The Wreckers," we easily extend this rule to clever brothers-in-law. But that a material so definite, so tough, so trenchant as the mind of Mr. Henley should ever have been transformed by anyone, is certainly, as the journalists say, "matter for no small surprise." It implies an elasticity of which we never should have suspected Mr. Henley, and for which we admire him all the more. And it is unique testimony to the glamour of "R. L. S."

Of the performance at Her Majesty's I can say little, for Macaire and the Beau, predominant parts, were embodied by one whose praises I regularly stifle on my lips. But I must pay my tribute to the fruity humour of Mr. Kemble as Menteith, and to the amazing powers of Mr. Welch, who, as Bertrand, ran the whole gamut of tragi-comic acting. His hysterical scene during the murder, and his inflection of the line "I didn't blab on you" to the dying Macaire, were masterly and memorable.

MAX.

WEINGARTNER AND WOOD.

LAST week I dismissed Colonne and Saint-Saëns with some carefulness; I discussed Ysaÿe, mentioned Weingartner, and of necessity left Wood untouched. Now that the festival is over and fast being driven clean out of mind by the hosts of impending concerts and the threatened opera season, two events stand out prominently, the Weingartner concert of Thursday afternoon (2 May) and the Wood concert of the following Friday night. Ysaÿe was of course enormously interesting; but as a conductor he was easily eclipsed by Wood and Weingartner. One cannot be first in everything in this world. And if these two concerts remain in one's memory as the finest of a memorable (though fatiguing) week, the most striking performance of the week was without doubt Weingartner's rendering of the Fifth symphony of Beethoven. It was entirely new to me, and the impression it made is as vivid as the impressions made by Colonne and Saint-Saëns are vague. I am in entire agreement with those who hold that excepting in England and Germany there is no music in Europe. Italy is absolutely without a conductor; now that Lamoureux is gone France has not one of more than average merit; Germany has several and England one.

This was certainly one of the lessons of the festival. An exception must be made in favour of Belgium, I suppose, which possesses Ysaye. Yet after all Ysaye is not a Belgian, and if he was, Belgium is hardly to be called a country.

Weingartner, who gave the finest single performance of the week—though it must be remembered that I do not know what took place on Saturday—was to me by far the most interesting personage who appeared at the festival. I have watched his career for some time—since in fact he moved my sympathetic feelings by denouncing both Bayreuth and Brahms. He has, presumably, one of the greatest reputations in Germany, and yet denationalised Englishmen can be found to say of him that he only condemns Bayreuth, as it is run by Mrs. Wagner and her industrious son Siegfried, because he has never been asked to conduct there. When one remembers that Siegfried Wagner, a thoroughly incompetent and quite inexperienced young man, does conduct there, one can only say it is a monstrous thing if Weingartner has never been invited to conduct there. What he may be like in the theatre I cannot say; but on the concert platform he must certainly be ranked as one of the few great conductors. His reading of the Fifth symphony is the greatest I have heard. Its most striking quality was its enormous breadth and strength. Without any approach to slovenliness, detail was left to take care of itself. Many of Beethoven's expression marks were quietly neglected—an offence that would rouse the ire of every critic if any other conductor did it. Weingartner seemed quite indifferent to the endings of phrases. His attack was always good, but once a phrase had been got through pretty well he seemed not to care a hang whether the instruments left it off all together or just as they thought fit. But the whole conception was so noble, dignified, that the thing carried itself off superbly. The finish of the first movement and the whole of the last were amongst the greatest bits of playing ever done in London. Two things must be noted about Weingartner—his extraordinary power of getting a further crescendo out of the orchestra when one would think it was already playing its loudest, and the constant use he makes of the rubato. Not even Mottl takes greater or more frequent liberties with the time or gets finer effects by doing so. Towards the end of the last movement of the Beethoven symphony, for instance, he drew out a few passages to such length that the tempo became, for the moment, *adagio*. The rendering of the "Oberon" overture was beautiful; and if it did not stir one as the Fifth symphony did, it is to be remembered that the Fifth symphony is rather a greater work than the "Oberon" overture. As a composer Weingartner cannot be placed very high—at least not on the strength of his symphonic poem, "The Plains of the Blessed" which was played last week. It has this in common with most young German symphonic poems of this day: it never ends. Of course it leaves off: all things are bound to do that excepting a Presbyterian preacher; but a real ending to the work there is not. Weingartner himself grew so tired that he at last made the band play a chord or two and then bolted from the platform. His Wagner playing is perhaps not so fine as Mottl's; but I speak in doubt, and after hearing him play only one Wagner piece. Wolfram's Definition of Love, as I said last week, should never in any circumstances be given on the concert platform: all honest men and women if challenged will own that it bores them to distraction. So I do not count the accompanying of that. But in the final scene of "The Valkyrie," splendidly sung by Mr. Andrew Black, the colour and passion that Mottl brings out of Wagner seemed rather to be lacking. But I must hear him again with Wagner before venturing to form an opinion. It is to be hoped that Mr. Newman will give us frequent opportunities of hearing him more: he is one of the most competent and exhilarating personages that have appeared at Queen's Hall.

About Mr. Wood's share in the festival I have not a great deal to say. It was really too, too much to attend Queen's Hall on Saturday after attending every previous concert of the week. But I did turn in for a little time on Friday and found Mr. Wood in his best form. Ysaye and Lady Hallé played the double con-

certo of old Bach—a thing containing a divine slow movement; Mrs. Henry J. Wood sang beautifully Tatiana's Letter-song from "Eugene Onegin;" and then Mr. Wood gave us Mr. Cowen's overture "The Butterfly's Ball." People tell me a good deal about Mr. Cowen's delicate fairy fancy, but I found nothing ethereal in this work. It is not bad music: in fact it is quite neatly put together; but so far as picturesque suggestion is concerned—well, all I can say is that it suggests that Mr. Cowen found a lot of butterflies fluttering about the flowers on a lawn and managed somehow to pass a garden-roller over them. I regret having missed Mr. Harold Bauer, who is, everyone tells me, one of the best pianists now before the public. But he gives a recital next week which will give one a better chance of forming an opinion about him.

Mr. Dolmetsch announces a series of concerts for May 14 and 28 and June 11, at 85 Charlotte Street. The programmes are excellent.

By the way, in writing of the Carl Rosa company a week or two ago I made a slip in saying that the part of Alfio in "Cavalleria" was taken by Mr. Tilbury. It was played by Mr. Haigh Jackson. The Santuzza was Miss Winifred Ludlam.

J. F. R.

INSURANCE BANKS.

BOTH insurance companies and savings banks are excellent institutions, and the combination of the two which is exhibited by the majority of ordinary life offices is also excellent. But insurance companies are becoming to such an increasing extent channels for investment and for saving that we are in some danger of overlooking the original idea of insurance. The most important feature of life assurance is financial provision for a man's family in the event of his death. But many admirable and appropriate developments of modern life assurance have partially obscured this fundamental idea.

The very great development of Endowment Assurance is a conspicuous instance of the conversion of insurance companies into savings banks. For every £100 assured under participating Endowment Assurances reported in the Blue Book published in 1888 £651 is reported in the Blue Book recently published, an increase of 551 per cent. During the same period participating Whole Life assurances have increased by only 14 per cent., a very significant proof of the extent to which the savings bank element has intruded into life assurance. We are not for one moment suggesting that the banking element is otherwise than advantageous to those who can afford it; but in a great many cases the strictly insurance feature, namely protection in the event of death, is by far the most important, and the question arises whether we cannot with advantage sometimes return to insurance pure and simple, and provide it at a lower cost than when it is accompanied by a variety of additional features, more or less of a banking character.

The banking element is apparent in other policies than those of endowment assurance. We see it for instance in the extra premium that is paid for participating policies in order to secure bonuses. Probably the premiums are, on the average, increased by more than 25 per cent. for the purpose of participating in profits; and although in a good company this addition to the premium proves a very good investment, it unquestionably adds to the cost of insurance protection during the early years of policy existence, when in many cases the maximum amount of insurance is extremely desirable. Could we foretell exactly the mortality that would be experienced in the future; the rate of interest that would be earned upon the funds; the expenditure that would be incurred; and sundry other minor matters; the whole system of bonuses would probably disappear. They are practically the result of our present ignorance, and while on the whole advantageous to those who can afford them, it seems desirable that insurance protection should be provided at the lowest possible cost. This is to some extent done by Discounted Bonus policies, which involve the possibility of a future increase in premiums, or decrease of the sum assured, a possibility which in a recent instance has been realised.

Surrender Values afford another example of the intrusion of the banking element into insurance. During the past twenty years nearly 6 per cent. of the total premiums received have been paid away in surrender values, and it is obvious that if people choose to agree among themselves to forego the right to surrender values in the event of being unable, or unwilling, to continue the payment of premiums, the cost of insurance protection could be lessened. Of course when policy-holders pay a uniform premium throughout the whole of life they are paying more than the cost of the risk during the earlier years, in order to pay less than the cost of the risk in the later years; the consequence of this is that the offices accumulate reserves to which policy-holders, not unnaturally, regard themselves as entitled, when they decide to surrender their policies. This argument is quite sound, but it might be advantageous sometimes to issue policies providing insurance protection and nothing else at a cost which takes into account the benefit from secessions, or lapses, to be derived by those who keep up the payment of premiums.

We are by no means arguing in favour of the general abolition of Endowment Assurances, of Bonuses, or of Surrender Values, but in many cases the provision of the maximum insurance protection at a given cost is of such supreme importance that it would seem worth while to make it available by itself, independent of the savings bank element implied by such features as bonuses and surrender values.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A PROJECT FOR PUBLISHERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Highbury, 22 April, 1901.

SIR,—Two remarkable articles in this month's "Contemporary Review" ("A Plea for Knowledge," by the late Bishop Creighton; "France and Great Britain: Two Civilisations," by Dr. Havelock Ellis) have provided me with the stimulus for putting forward a long-cherished idea, which, unless I exaggerate, has in it great possibilities not only of profit to those who may carry it out but of usefulness and advantage to the nation, in whose interests it has been primarily conceived.

Much of the best writing of the day on attractive subjects of general interest appears in the half-crown monthly magazines, which I will call the "Thunderers," and in the quarterly reviews. All these publications are, from their price, beyond the reach of nearly all the grades of the middle classes and a portion of the great mass of the literate public. Even among those who can afford to purchase a half-crown magazine, the reluctance of our people to spend money on books, with the possible exception of trashy novels, is so great that, in the vast majority of cases, the idea of "throwing away" two shillings for something that "is not a book" is associated with the worst form of reckless extravagance and useless expenditure. The question therefore is: How can the valuable articles in the Thunderers and the quarterlies be made available to the large numbers to whom they are now inaccessible and who, in the absence of better fare and in the exercise of their newly acquired but still imperfectly developed faculty of intellectual enjoyment or pastime, have made the fortunes of certain purveyors of a class of reading matter which has no connexion with or relation to literature in any form and, from its scrappy, snippetty nature, is, if regularly indulged in, destructive of the powers of the mind?

The supply of a large number of worthless publications proves, it must be admitted, the existence of the demand, but the public taste cannot be judged by that fact alone, the significance of which is attained by two important considerations. First, it is impossible to estimate the extent to which the circulation of the successful penny weeklies has been artificially stimulated by the offer of prizes, by disguised lotteries and other bribes. Secondly, the public have not had the opportunity of extending their patronage to anything better than is equally cheap. Arguing by analogy, it is more

than probable that they would welcome and appreciate good reading, if supplied to them at a price within their means, as they have welcomed and appreciated high-class music, picture galleries, Sunday concerts, lectures, evening classes, in a word, every well-directed effort that has been made for their enjoyment and improvement.

What I suggest is, that a publication should be started in which, by arrangement with the proprietors of the Thunderers and the quarterlies, instructive and attractive articles of general interest that appear in those reviews should be reprinted after the lapse of a certain time after which the reprinting of the articles could not injure the sale of the reviews. There is an immense wealth of delightful reading lying buried in back numbers, and I submit that it could be usefully and profitably disinterred for the benefit of masses of our population. Its educational value would, I believe, be incalculable. The appetite for good reading would grow, and, in a very short time, the cheap publication that I am pleading for should fill, among us, the place that the *Revue Hebdomadaire* does in France. So far, I have spoken only of reprints of articles from the quarterlies and the Thunderers, but it would be necessary to include reprints of standard works of fiction and all other forms of imaginative literature.

I do not ignore the recent attempts of publishers to popularise good novels by the issue of sixpenny editions, though one would not be sorry to see them discontinued. The smallness of the type, the quality of the paper, and the closeness of the lines are, in most cases, their all-sufficient condemnation. But whether they have proved remunerative or not, no question of competition can possibly arise—and this is important, for my hope is that the literary recueil or whatever it may be called would be taken in hand by one of our large publishers. Its price should be one penny; at first, it might be published monthly, and later on, fortnightly, or even weekly, if its success should justify more frequent publication. This is not the place to consider or even refer to practical details of the scheme. My immediate object will be served by calling attention to its fundamental idea, in the earnest hope that the proprietors of the reviews I have indicated may be sufficiently interested in the subject to express their views thereon and, may I go further and say, to promise their co-operation if a responsible publisher will lend his aid.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
D. N. SAMSON.

ENGLISH IMMIGRATION INTO SOUTH AFRICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

S.E. Agricultural College, Wye, 4 May, 1901.

SIR,—Since it has become clear that the prospect of permanent peace in South Africa depends on a new settlement of loyalists, who will live not as townsmen with alien interests but by the same means as and among the country Boers, the discussion in your columns has thrown much interesting light on the capacity of the new colonies, but has shown also radical differences of opinion on two points—the character of the new plantation and the power of the British Islands to supply the right kind of settler.

It is known that the two States beyond the Orange are well suited to the old individual type of colonisation; plenty of Englishmen have farmed and prospered both in the Colony and in the Free State, when the country becomes settled again similar men will doubtless push their way northward and westward. The mines provide a valuable immediate market, and whether the farmer is mainly concerned with stock or corn, he has thereby a little advantage over most colonists, whose home market is unimportant.

The following extracts from the letter of an officer with an agricultural training now at the front will show what an opportunity the eastern side of the country offers.

"I suppose a lot of your chaps are thinking of coming out here to farm after the war. If you have anyone

with capital he could not do better; it is a grand country, but no place for a small man, you want at least £2,000 to start, much better £4,000. Land in a good district fetches up to £3 a morgen (equals two acres), an ox £10, a heifer £5, a sheep (fat) 21s., lean about 9s. This is a wheat-growing district, they all say it pays; but here again you require three or four self-binders, and also must be prepared for a knock-out year of drought. There is also a great opening in fruit; oranges don't mind the frost here, it is so dry, and do well and sell in Johannesburg at 10s. a hundred; peaches, plums, pears, apples &c., are all better than at home (all my prices are quoted as in ordinary times, *not* present). They also grow a rank kind of tobacco which sells locally.

"What I should do myself is—start on some of the rich veldt which has *no water*, and consequently costs next to nothing, and irrigate; you can get lots of water everywhere by boring a kopje, the water flows then by gravitation in open puddled drains, made by Kaffirs paid 10s. a month and their food, mealy meal (13s. for 220 lbs.); they work well. I have seen one or two model Government farms done like this, and the irrigated parts gave much better results than even the farms in the district supplied by natural streams. Of course you always have plenty of grass in the summer, you only want to irrigate enough to grow lucerne, turnips, &c., to carry stock over the winter; also you can make certain of your fruit crops, green peas, &c., which pay like anything when sent into the towns. Nothing of this sort has been done, as the Boer does not farm to make money, only to get enough to live on."

But this kind of colonist cannot be made to order; he must be a capitalist and will come as he finds it worth his while; towards the provision of a loyalist backbone to the country he cannot be of much account, for he will be a sparsely distributed settler who looks to make a fortune by the aid of black labour and then retire, rather than become a permanent citizen of the new State.

What are wanted are settlements of men working small acreages of land intensively, making the utmost of the soil and of their own labour by the use of irrigation water distributed from a common centre. Some of your correspondents have objected to this class of farming as not suited to Englishmen, since it requires a population possessed of an inherited instinct for small irrigation culture, and content to live cheaply like the North Italians or even the Chinese. The success of our irrigation work in India and Egypt has been due to the fact that there was already on the spot a race with a secular experience of the use of water; we were not creating a new industry but only extending the application of an immemorial tradition.

It is not however to the East that we must turn for a parallel; in the Western States of America the last two decades have seen the growth of a new style of irrigation farming, practised by men with Western ideas and standards of life. The lots are small, forty acres is a fair-sized allowance, hired labour is scarce and dear, but the crops raised are valuable—oranges for export, grapes for wine, peaches and pears for canning, prunes for drying, in one way or another an increasing population lives in comfort. The settlers are in the main young Englishmen of education, who have found it possible to transplant their women folk and their social habits; at places like Santa Monica in Southern California you may find all the apparatus of the club, tennis tournaments, five o'clock teas and dances, with an exotic freedom and gaiety; nor would the casual visitor guess that these delights come after the man has done a day's farming and the lady the whole of her housework.

It is not likely that new communities of this kind can be created without governmental assistance (at any rate the first settlement must be begun and worked by the State) to provide machinery to demonstrate the novel type of holding and to train a generation or two of occupiers. The settlement must begin with the State farm, the manager of which should have gained his knowledge from Californian irrigation farming, or perhaps Renmark, the irrigation colony in South Australia, could supply the necessary experience of what to do and what to avoid; at any rate a farmer

is wanted rather than a water engineer, for we have plenty of irrigation officers, Indian and Egyptian, who would provide the initial service of dams and canals. The business of the State farm would be to receive intending colonists and give them a year's practical drilling in the management of water and the cultivation of suitable crops. When these men had finished their probationary course they would be drafted on to the adjoining lands watered from the same source, and if land and water were offered without rent for a few years until the occupiers had established their crops and built their homesteads, this would be inducement enough to draw sufficient men to make the settlement. And after the first experiment had demonstrated the possibilities of this type of farming, capital would be forthcoming from ordinary sources to establish new settlements, for American experience has amply shown that such irrigation colonies will pay in water rents a reasonable return on the initial outlay.

The State farm would always serve both for demonstration and as a starting point for newcomers with all their experience to acquire. This starting point is perhaps more important than appears on the surface, for in my experience England has abundance of young men who are the very stuff that colonists are made of, but they don't know how to begin. There is no recognised way of starting and the conventions among which they are raised are all against a plunge into the unknown; they take an unwilling pittance at home rather than go over-seas where they can see no definite opening. But I am aware this is precisely one of the points in dispute, whether England does now produce the right material for colonisation; perhaps I may be allowed to trespass yet again on your space and give my reasons for thinking that the blood which planted the Empire by every sea has not yet run cold in the veins of young England.

I am, &c.

A. D. HALL.

THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Marriage Law Reform Association, S.W.

4 May, 1901.

SIR,—The truculent SATURDAY REVIEW published an article the other day implying a wish that the promoters of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill might soon all be dead. There is an irony in these things. The first to go is poor Stanley Leighton—a gentleman, an honourable *opponent* of this Bill, who, though entirely differing from the constituency that sent him to Parliament, never failed from the moment he entered the House of Commons to offer us the most strenuous opposition.

He had Christian charity. The SATURDAY REVIEW has none. Who cares?

Your obedient servant,

T. PAYNTER ALLEN, Secretary.

[If Mr. Allen does not "care," why does he trouble us with this letter?—ED. S. R.]

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Lichfield, 8 May, 1901.

SIR,—Allow me, through the medium of your columns, to make a statement and an appeal at the same time.

The Corporation of Lichfield have recently come into possession of the house in which Dr. Samuel Johnson was born, which is situated in their market place. This very interesting acquisition is to be opened to the public at Whitsuntide—much in the same way as is Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon—and we are anxious to present in the Lichfield Worthies Room as many references, in the way of MS., books, pictures, prints, &c., relating to Johnson and Lichfield as possible.

I feel sure that many admirers of the great eighteenth-century sage who happen to have duplicate or spare editions of any of his works—may be prints, MS., &c.—will desire to add to what promises to be a collection of unique interest. Any gifts will be gratefully acknowledged by the Town Clerk, Lichfield, and it is intended to append the names of all donors to their gifts.

Yours faithfully,

GEO. HAYNES, Mayor.

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Dr. KARL BREUL in the *Modern Language Quarterly*, October 1900.

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SUPPLEMENT.

LONDON: 11 MAY, 1901.

A NOVELIST OF VAGABONDS.

A BOOK has just come to me from Paris which has interested me profoundly. It is called "Les Vagabonds," and is translated from the Russian of Maxime Gorki. The translator, Ivan Strannik, has added an introduction, in which he tells us many things about the writer. There are four stories in the book, "Malva," "Kononov," "Tchelkache," and "Mon Compagnon;" they are all about Russian vagabonds, a vast section of the Russian people which has never yet found its way into novels. Gorki writes about what he knows, he describes to us the life he has lived, and it has seemed to me, in reading this book, as if I were learning something quite new about men and women.

Maxime Gorki was born at Nijni-Novgorod in 1868 or 1869; he is not sure of the year of his birth. His parents were poor people, and they died when he was a boy, leaving him penniless. He apprenticed himself to a shoemaker, but, tiring of the trade, ran away, and worked with an engraver, then with a painter of icons, then with a cook, then with a gardener, then again with a cook, on board a steamboat. This cook was a reader of novels, and Gorki began to read Gogol and Dumas. He was taken, he tells us, with a "ferocious desire" to learn, and he left the steamboat and made his way to Kazan, thinking that a poor fellow could be taught for nothing. He found that it was not the custom, and he got work at a baker's, living on twelve roubles a month. When he could endure the bakery no longer he began to wander about, reading, learning all that he could, living with vagabonds, sometimes drinking, sometimes working, a sawyer, a coal-heaver, a gate-keeper, a street seller of apples or of kvass. He made the acquaintance of a lawyer, who helped him and lent him books; but he was soon wandering again, and it was in an obscure provincial paper that he published his first story, "Makar Tchoudra," a gipsy narrative in which he had not yet learnt to use his strange material simply. In 1893 he met Korolenko, the novelist, who interested himself in him, and helped him to publish one of the stories now translated, "Tchelkache." Its success was immediate, and since then Gorki has written about thirty short stories, which have been collected in three volumes, besides a novel, "Foma Gordeiev." He was beginning to publish another novel, "Le Moujik," but it is said that he has burnt the remainder of it, and disappeared, no one knows whither.

"I was born," he tells us in one of his stories, "outside society, and for that reason I cannot take in a strong dose of its culture without soon feeling forced to get outside it again, to wipe away the infinite complications, the sickly refinements, of that kind of existence. I like either to go about in the meanest streets of towns, because, though everything there is dirty, it is all simple and sincere, or else to wander about on the high-roads and across the fields, because that is always interesting, it refreshes one morally, and needs no more than a pair of good legs to carry one." It is this feeling, the feeling which first made him a wanderer, that has made him a writer, and his stories are made directly out of the life which he has lived. In many of them he appears under his own name, telling the story as if it were something which had actually happened to him. Thus the scene of "Kononov" is the baker's shop at Kazan, the underground kitchen with its yeasty atmosphere, in which everything looked dim, and the window high up, through which could be seen "a little scrap of blue sky with two stars: one was large, and shone like an emerald; the other, quite near, was hardly visible." His method is simple. In a few bold strokes he brings before us a corner of the country, a sea-beach, a quay, a shop, a street; then a man and a woman, two men, some simple incident, and the men and women go out as quietly as they had come in. But meanwhile a strange temperament has expressed itself, in a few

words, some disconcerting action, a significant silence; and what we have felt is just what is deepest, most unconscious, in that nature, to which speech is so difficult, thought so painful, and action a kind of despairing start away from the logic of things. Along with this simple and profound human quality there is a power of rendering very subtle sensation, as in this sentence: "All about us reigned that aching quiet, from which one seems to be awaiting something, and which, if it lasted, would drive a man mad with its absolute peace, its utter absence of sound, the living shadow of motion." In "Mon Compagnon" there is a long description of a boat in a storm, as minute as Defoe, and with an imaginative quality of minuteness. When, in summer, the two vagabonds light a fire in the field, because a fire would look beautiful; when, in the midst of a thunderstorm on the steppe, one of the vagabonds begins to sing with all his might, and the other attacks him in a kind of savagery of terror; in the Meunier-like pictures of labour, as in the building of the embankment at Theodocia; there is something large, lyrical, as if the obscure forces of the earth half awakened and began to speak. In all this Gorki does but continue, in his own way, what other Russian novelists have done before him; he enters into the tradition, the youngest and most fruitful tradition in Europe. Other races, too long civilised, have accustomed themselves to the soul, to mystery, to whatever is most surprising in life and death. Russia, with centuries of savagery behind it, still feels the earth about its roots, or the thirst in it of the primitive animal. It has lost none of its instincts, and it has just discovered the soul. And it is ceaselessly perturbed by that strange inner companion; it listens to a voice which is not the voice of the blood; it listens to both voices, saying contrary things; and it is astonished, melancholy, questioning. Other novelists tell us of society; tell us, that is, what we are when we are not ourselves. The Russian novelists show us the soul when it is alone with itself, unconscious or morbidly conscious, gay, uneasy, confident, suspicious, agonised with duty, a tyrannous slave or a devout and humble master.

Every Russian is born a philosopher; he reasons, as a child might reason, an ignorant, unhappy child, wondering why things are as they are. These vagabonds of Gorki are conscious that something is wrong, with the world or with them, and they cannot understand what. "I live, and I am bored," says Kononov. "Why? I don't know at all. How shall I say it? There's a spark wanting in my soul. Something is wanting in me, that's all. Do you see? Well then, I seek, and I am bored, and it all comes to— I don't know what." They pity themselves, with a kind of impersonal pity, not accusing anyone. "We are by ourselves, we should be reckoned with by ourselves; because we are good for nothing in life, and we take up somebody else's place, and we get in other people's way. Whose fault is it? It is our fault against life. We haven't the joy of living, nor any feeling for ourselves. Our mothers gave birth to us in a bad hour, that's all!" There is only one good thing, liberty, the freedom at least to suffer in one's own way: "to walk to and fro on the earth this way and that; you walk, and you see new things, and then you don't think." "When one thinks, one gets disgusted with living," says Serejka; and all these people, to whom life is never quite mechanical, because they are living outside the laws, and have the leisure to lie down and watch the sea moving, or the black earth secretly alive, are all afraid of thinking. They cannot help thinking, but it frightens them. "You," says Vassili to Malva, "you don't know anything of these things; but sometimes I can't help thinking about life, and I am afraid. Especially at night, when I can't sleep." They know so little, and all the problems of the universe come to them without the intervention of books, or beliefs, or any knowledge. They see themselves, as Vassili does, when he lies awake at night, "so small, so small, and it seems as if the earth moved under me, and there were nobody on the earth but me." They move from place to place, like consumptive people, who think, if they could but be somewhere else, they would be quite well. But it is always

somewhere else. All the roads of the world lead to six feet of earth, and all the way there has been a losing of the way.

To Gorki the vagabond is the most interesting failure in the world, where everything must be a failure. He has affirmed his independence, he has been resolutely himself, he has had the energy to stand up against the inevitable, realising at least his own courage, perhaps his own strength. Unlike most others, he knows that he has only himself to rely on in the world, and that it is only that self which matters. ARTHUR SYMONS.

"CORNHILL" CAUSERIES.

"Conferences on Books and Men." London: Smith, Elder. 1900. 6s.

THE author of these causeries, reprinted from the "Cornhill," has one qualification which is invaluable to an entertainer of this kind—he is not afraid of copious citation. Essayists and reviewers in general seem to be absurdly apprehensive of quoting too much and of seeming to shirk their task by not giving the public enough of their own writing. But, after all, the first duty of an entertainer is to entertain, and if that end is achieved, readers will not inquire too curiously from what source the entertainment comes. Such a book as this is by its very nature and intention desultory, and such remarks as have occurred to us in reading it must be desultory too. We were pleased with the truth of the comment upon the "Oxford Sausage" that it "belongs to a good period, in the sense that occasional poetry being a fashionable exercise in the eighteenth century, like music in the seventeenth, everyone who attempted it was at least master of the rules of prosody." On the other hand we cannot agree that academic wit is mostly to be found among fellows and scholars, and humour among undergraduates. Mr. A. D. Godley, an excellent authority, held, if we remember right, the precisely opposite view—he said that as a rule if you wanted humour you had to go to the undergraduates' tutor. There is another point in the same essay concerning which, without wishing to make too much of it, we may pen a word of protest. It seems to us a most stupid and ungracious form of puerility to try to stir up the absolutely obsolete jealousy between the Universities. It was all very well for Dryden to say:

"Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage,
He chooses Athens in his riper age"—

He did but emulate the rapture of our county candidate that it is in Little Pedlington of all places that he opens his electoral campaign to-night; but when we read that Hawkins Browne, a Cambridge man, "showed what spirit he was really of by sending his own son to Oxford" it seems to us simply rude without being funny. The author says of C. S. C. in the same strain—"I notice a very clever writer—Calverley, of Christ's College—just a little later than Blayds, of Balliol, on whom he has certainly formed his style." Surely to gambol thus is to gambol rather like an elephant, but, indeed, if we take this author's humour at its low-water mark it is depressing enough. "The discomfort is no greater than that of an ordinary picnic, except for the ants which abound. I make this remark to the wit of the party, who replies that he has found trouble from ants even at English picnics."

The author's appreciation of the humour of others seems to be about as keen as his own would lead us to expect. He has often felt, he seriously says, that Mr. Gilbert in speaking of an Englishman's "temptations to belong to other nations" sacrificed truth to rhyme, because, forsooth, your Englishman has rather a contempt for other nationalities! A reader capable of taking "Pinafore" au pied de la lettre after this fashion must doubtless have been one of the matter-of-fact band who understood Gilbert's other song about the French man-of-war, not as a rollicking satire upon English braggadocio, but as a serious insult to France. We do not know whether our readers remember Cowley's catalogue of his mistresses beginning "Margarita first possessed," &c., and proceeding through an interminable series of Christian names to "Heleonora first of the name, who

God grant long to reign." We have always thought it one of the most dreary pieces of affectation ever perpetrated, and we see with surprise that this writer holds it to be the best specimen of *vers de société* in English and wonders why it was omitted from the "Lyra Elegantiarum." But this is a pure matter of taste which it is useless to discuss—nor have we intended by our casual expressions of dissent to obscure the undoubted fact that this book affords a great quantity of instructive and amusing reading. We like the author best, however, when he is not jocose. Upon one point, in conclusion, we are full of sympathy. We deplore in common with this essayist the fact that we do not know where to lay our hands on a copy of Mr. J. F. Sullivan's illustrated skit upon "The British Workman, by one who does not believe in him." These most comical drawings originally appeared in "Fun"—could not some publisher resuscitate them?

THE HARLEQUIN FLY.

"The Harlequin Fly." By L. C. Miall and A. R. Hammond. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1900. 7s. 6d.

THIS little book gives a detailed account of the anatomy of the larva, pupa and imago of the Harlequin Fly, *Chironomus dorsalis*, the adult of the "blood worm" so frequently seen in barrels of rain water. Although there is a good deal we have seen before, the work nevertheless contains much fresh matter of considerable importance to the biologist, whilst entomologists would find it interesting reading.

In the first chapter we find an account of some other aquatic larvæ belonging to different species and genera of the Chironomidæ, notably an account of the egg larva and pupa of an *Orthocladius* which lives in the larval stage "in a floating flock of spirogyra," in a case of jelly-like substance, probably made from a secretion of its salivary glands. A detailed description of the anatomy of the larva and imago of *C. dorsalis* fill up sixty-three pages, which are excellently illustrated; many of the figures however we recognise as being those in Miall's "Natural History of Aquatic Insects."

The most interesting part of the work is the chapter (VI.) on the "Development of the Pupa and Fly within the Larva." The less complex structure of a midge or chironomid, and the more complex structure of its larval stage than we find in the blow-fly (*Calliphora*) or other Muscidæ in which the adult is highly organised, make the harlequin midge much better fitted for such investigations than any of the latter family. In this chapter the authors point out very clearly how the new mouth parts, compound eyes, the long antennæ, the long legs, and the wings, all of which characterise the adult insect, commence to form in the larva. There is still a general popular belief that the change from the larva to imago takes place entirely in the resting or pupal period; whereas the parts in question are complete when the pupal stage begins and can often be revealed by dissection before the pupal stage approaches. The embryonic development is also treated (pp. 153 to 176) at some length; although there is nothing very fresh in this account, it makes interesting reading. The work ends in a copious bibliography; it could however be extended.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

"Ovid's Metamorphoses" (Selections). London: Blackwood. 1900. 1s. 6d.

We have already awarded the palm to Messrs. Blackwood for bringing out the best illustrated series of school classics among the many that are appearing to-day. The present volume is quite on a par with its fellows. There is an interesting and compact criticism on magic in the ancient world and of "metamorphic mythology." The text is beautifully printed. The old style of spelling has, we note, been rejected in favour of such forms as "uirum," "uocas," perhaps to the regret of those who have been more accustomed to seeing their Latin spelt "with a wee."

"Blackie's Continental Geography Series. (1) Asia. (2) Africa." London: Blackie. 1901. 1s. each.

These handbooks remind one of the old tramps abroad which were written for children in the early Victorian period, except

that the Protestant and missionary flavour of the older publications is missing. The system itself is by no means antiquated, and is probably still the best for initiating children in the knowledge of geography, and what it really means. The series of maps are generally very good. They are never overcrowded with names, and those that show the various products of the countries are specially to be commended. On the other hand the relief maps are a comparative failure, being far too small for the immense areas they cover.

"Selections from Pliny's Letters." With Introduction and Notes by T. H. Westcott. London: Putnams. 1900.

There is no lack indeed of good editions of Pliny's Letters, but the present volume has many good points to justify its appearance. There is an adequate Life of Pliny, a short collection of Inscriptions which refer to him, a scholarly excursus on his style, a list of allusions in other authors, a description of the chief MSS. and editions. Some of the notes, however, encroach unduly on the province of the dictionary, such as the translations of "triclinia," "porticus," &c. The edition is rounded off by a discussion on the chronology of the letters, a collection of critical readings, and numerous appendices.

"The Self-Educator in Latin." By W. A. Edwards. Edited by F. Adams. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1901.

Mr. Edwards has pinned his faith to the theory that in order to read Latin you must also learn to write it. He accordingly at once introduces the autodidact to the mysteries of writing exercises, but he tempers the wind to the shorn lambs by carefully graduating their difficulties. Only a bare minimum of grammar is given, and the book abounds in useful hints. The verb "to be" is, however, introduced somewhat late, and the second piece of continuous translation strikes one as unduly "stiff."

"Cæsar. The Gallic War. Book I." Edited by John Brown. With Illustrations. London: Blackie. 1900. 1s. 6d.

This is a revised and more profusely illustrated edition of a book originally published in 1893 which was the pioneer of Messrs. Blackie's illustrated series. The idea of helping pupils to visualise classical times by pictorial means is admirable. The present book however labours under the grave disadvantage that, while in some cases the source of the picture is indicated, in others it is not, and in the latter instance some of the illustrations seem based on ancient designs, and others to be largely due to the learned imagination of a modern draughtsman.

"Demosthenes. Speech against Meidias." With Introduction and Notes by J. R. King. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1901. 3s. 6d.

The text of the present edition is due to the labours of Professor Butcher who is preparing a complete edition of Demosthenes for the Clarendon Press. It adheres more closely to the authority of the best manuscripts than the recent text of Blass in the Trübner series. One of the most interesting points dealt with in the notes is the question of the genuineness of the various depositions and laws that have crept into the original text. Though not so uniformly spurious as those which occur in the "De Corona," they are on the whole, according to Mr. King, too untrustworthy to serve as evidence on any doubtful point of Athenian jurisprudence.

"A Treatise on Elementary Dynamics." By H. A. Roberts. London: Macmillan. 4s. 6d.

This small volume will be most welcome to teachers and students working at dynamics from the more modern and advanced point of view. Though dealing with the elements of dynamics, it introduces these in the rigidly logical sequence and development that modern criticism tries to enforce, and it demands from the student a real knowledge of trigonometry and analytical geometry, and also by preference the differential calculus. It is not by any means a primer in dynamics. The conception of vectors is freely used from the first. In fact the methods used are mainly those of W. K. Clifford. Though Clifford's book was published as far back as the seventies it would have been a superb book for teachers, had it not been for its omission of examples to be worked out by the pupil. Mr. Roberts' book supplies this deficiency.

"Dent's School Grammar of Modern French." By G. H. Clarke and C. J. Murray. London: Dent. 1900.

This is a very brilliant book. To begin with it is really modern. It contains a thousand and one idiomatic everyday phrases which the student who studies his French abroad is constantly meeting with, and as constantly finding unnoticed in the ordinary grammars and dictionaries which all more or less copy one another and confine their remarks to strictly classical essays. A novel feature is the treatment of accident and syntax side by side, which in a book of reference has much to recommend it. We have gone through a good deal of the grammar very carefully and have been charmed time after time

by the fulness with which many points barely touched on in most grammars are treated.

"Matriculation History of England." By C. S. Fearenside. London: University Tutorial Press. 1901. 3s. 6d.

The title indicates too truly the nature of this book. It is designed to impart knowledge rapidly in as compressed a form as need be. If examinations were the end of education it would be an excellent book. The analyses are excellent.

LESSER LAW BOOKS.

"The Law relating to the Remuneration of Commission Agents." By His Honour Judge Evans. Second Edition by W. de B. Herbert. London: Horace Cox. 1900. 7s. 6d.

This is the second edition of a text-book, of the normal type, of which the legal world see so many issued every year: it is not very bad—has it not run into a second edition? It is not very good, but is on the whole a useful attempt to summarise from the decided cases the leading principles applicable to the subject. If anything, the author is too timid, relies too little on his own pen, too much on lengthy quotations from the decisions of His Majesty's judges. There is a useful chapter on the payment of secret commissions, which since the courageous efforts of Sir T. Fry and the late Lord Chief Justice has attracted so much attention. The general legal principle as existing at common law is perfectly clear that payment of a secret commission to an agent entitles the person for whom he acts to set aside any contract entered into through the agent's instrumentality, whether in fact the principal's interests have suffered in any way actually at the agent's hands or not. Besides this the principal can recover the secret commission paid to the agent. Apart from making the receipt of such commissions a criminal offence, it is difficult to see how stronger penalties can reasonably be imposed. The difficulties in the way of securing a better system are practical and not legal. So far as the third person who bribes the agent, is concerned, he is paying for something which to him has a direct money value; while the payment of commissions being a very general legitimate proceeding, it is extremely difficult actually to prove *secrecy*, i.e. that the principal did not know or suspect that his agent was receiving some extra payment, and it is the secrecy which constitutes the offence; especially is this so when the agent is acting without payment for that particular matter: the half per cent. commission which stockbrokers are willing to return and do return to bankers and solicitors who invest their clients' money is a case in point; do the clients as a rule know that half the commission they pay is returned to the bank who are professing to do this particular piece of business for nothing? It is clear in any case that every bank should in accordance with a growing custom inform its customers that it is receiving part of the sum which is being paid by the latter as commission.

"The Companies Act, 1900, with Explanatory Notes and Forms." By Francis Beaufort Palmer. London: Stevens and Sons. 1900. 6s.

"The Companies Act, 1900, with Commentaries." By P. F. Simonson. London: Effingham Wilson, and Sweet and Maxwell. 1900. 5s. net.

"Notes on the Companies Act, 1900." By L. Worthington Evans. London: Ede and Allom. 1900. 4s.

However eminent the author, a commentary upon an Act of Parliament issued within a few months of its enactment must generally be of slight importance. Most of the would-be guides to a well-known statute not of many years' standing are of indescribable worthlessness. A great expert however, as is Mr. Palmer, can speak with an authority only a little lower than judicial upon a Company Act, and we find his book as was to be expected of real value. Mr. Simonson's work contains a number of good notes but it will be more useful in a second or third edition. Mr. Worthington Evans who is a solicitor writes unpretentiously eleven chapters of notes, a special chapter on auditors being contributed by Mr. Pixley of the Bar. Mr. Worthington Evans' notes are practical and indicate knowledge, but we dislike very much legal treatises which in appearance resemble cheap reprints of standard novels.

"The Law relating to Schools and Teachers." By T. A. Organ, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Leeds: E. J. Arnold and Son.

The author as one of the Standing Council of the National Union of Teachers has had the advantage of consulting special records and official correspondence in the compilation of his manual, which is more of a practical than a legal character. A very informative and serviceable book has been produced.

"Paterson's Practical Statutes. The Practical Statutes of the Session 1900." Edited by James Sutherland Cotton, Barrister-at-Law. London: Horace Cox. 1900.

A useful, convenient and well-executed little volume.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. will issue immediately two works of considerable historic interest. One is "The Stall-Plates of the Knights of the Order of the Garter 1348-1485," with coloured facsimiles and descriptive notes by Mr. St. John Hope; the other is a volume of autobiographical verse by James I., the materials for which were recently unearthed in the Bodleian Library and have been prepared for publication by Mr. R. S. Rait. Both works promise to be noteworthy not only from the historic point of view but as efforts in printing. The Garter plates, it is said, will show the heraldic art at its best, whilst the volume of James I.'s verse will contain a colotype reproduction of the title-page of the King's works published in 1616 together with an admirable portrait of the Royal author reproduced by permission of Sir Robert Gresley, Bart.

The taste for military biography seems to be on the increase. Messrs. Blackwood have in the press a volume by Mr. G. W. Forrest, the well-known Anglo-Indian historian, entitled "Sepoy Generals: Wellington to Roberts," a "Life of Hodson of Hodson's Horse," by Capt. L. J. Trotter, and a "Life of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Gerald Graham, V.C.," by Col. R. H. Vetch. Another work which Messrs. Blackwood will publish shortly is "The Life of Major-General Sir Robert Murdoch Smith," prefaced by his son-in-law, Mr. W. K. Dickson. The book is a record of archaeological labours to the importance of which the British and South Kensington Museums bear witness. The "life" will contain the letters written by Sir Robert to Sir John Burgoyne during the Halicarnassus expedition. "The Military Life of Field-Marshal George, First Marquess of Townshend," which Lieut.-Col. C. V. F. Townshend has prepared and Mr. Murray will publish, covers the stirring period of the middle quarters of the eighteenth century, including Dettingen, Fontenoy, Culloden and Quebec.

The boom in South African books has apparently spent itself for the moment, and there are fewer announcements in this department than for some time past. A Chinese boom may be in store. Major-General G. Allgood's "Letters and Journals of the China War," which Messrs. Longmans announce, deals with the campaign of 1860. Now that some of the special newspaper representatives are returning from the Far East, a good many books on the events which began with the siege of Peking are being arranged. Meantime Mr. Henry Savage Landor, of Tibet fame, who was present at the taking of Tien-tsin and the relief of the capital, and was the first European to enter the city in company with the Russian General, has prepared two big volumes, entitled "China and the Allies," which Mr. Heinemann will publish. Of books in the press on South Africa, that which is likely to command most attention is Gen. Sir H. E. Colville's on "The Work of the Ninth Division," which Mr. E. Arnold announces. Two others are Lady Maud Rolleston's diary of the wife of an Imperial Yeomanry officer entitled "Yeoman Service" (Smith, Elder) and "A Civilian War Hospital" (Murray), being an account of the work of the Portland Hospital by members of the professional Staff.

Two works dealing with South Africa are "Britain's Title to South Africa"—examined by Professor J. Cappon of Canada—to be published by Messrs. Macmillan and "New South Africa," by Mr. W. Bleloch, which Mr. Heinemann has in the press. Mr. Bleloch has lived for ten years in the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies, and has reinforced his own views by the opinion of experts in mining, industrial and other matters.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall's forthcoming books include a military work likely to arouse some curiosity; it is an account of the "Great Battles of the World," the writing of which was one of the last efforts of Mr. Stephen Crane. Two other books announced in the same publishers' new catalogue are Mr. Eadweard Muybridge's "The Human Figure in Motion," described as "an electro-photographic investigation of consecutive phases of muscular actions," and Mr. George Gissing's "By the Ionian Sea," made up of notes and reflections on a solitary ramble in Italy and Greece.

Pilgrimages of a different sort were undertaken by Mr. R. H. Sherard whose "Cry of the Poor," giving an account of a three months' tour among the poorest in the three kingdoms, will be published by Messrs. Digby, Long, and by Mr. P. F. Warner whose "Cricket in Many Climes" is to be issued immediately by Mr. Heinemann. Mr. J. A. Hammerton, the author of "J. M. Barrie and his Works," has written a humorous account of a tour in Scotland under the title "Tony's Highland Tour."

Mr. Fisher Unwin has ready a volume of Dr. Jessopp's entitled "Before the Great Pillage and other Essays," dealing with parochial life before the Reformation, and Mr. John Murray is issuing "The Life of Gilbert White of Selborne," by his great-grandnephew Rashleigh Holt White, based on letters and documents which will now appear for the first time. Village history, custom and everyday life in Holland and England will be embodied (1) in a work, to be elaborately illustrated, on "Old Dutch Towns and Villages of the Zuider Zee" which Mr. Fisher Unwin has in hand, and (2) in Mr. W. Carter Platt's "Betwixt the Ling and the Lowland"—a study by pen

and pencil of rural Yorkshire which Messrs. Digby, Long will publish.

Two important catalogues are in the press and will be published respectively by Messrs. Longmans and Messrs. Clay. The first is "A Descriptive and Historical Catalogue of the Collection of Pictures and Sculpture at Apsley House," prepared by the Duchess of Wellington, and illustrated by photo engravings specially executed by Messrs. Braun, Clement and Co., of Paris. The edition will be limited. The other catalogue is the second volume of Dr. James' work on the Western manuscripts in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Messrs. Clay have also in hand the Lane lectures, delivered by Sir Michael Foster, M.P., at the Cooper Medical College, San Francisco, some months ago, dealing with the "History of Physiology during the Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries." In dedicating the book to Dr. L. C. Lane, Sir Michael describes it as a "fragment of the story of the old world's life."

Messrs. Longmans are adding "The Incarnation" by the Rev. H. V. S. Eck and "Prayer" by the Rev. A. J. Worledge to the Oxford Library of Practical Theology. Messrs. Sampson Low have ready for immediate issue a volume of sermons by the late Bishop of Exeter called "Thoughts in Past Years." Some of the Bishop of London's sermons, which are to be collected under the title "Under the Dome," await only his final revision when they will be published by Messrs. Wells Gardner. They will probably not appear before the autumn. Mr. Fisher Unwin is about to issue "The Last Step to Religious Equality" by Mr. E. Kell Blyth. "A History of the Life of Isaiah," by the Rev. E. Flecker, is among Mr. Elliot Stock's forthcoming books.

"Tennyson" will be the subject of the next volume of Messrs. Dent's "Temple Cyclopædic Primers," the writer being Mr. Moreton Luce whose object is not only to set forth the poet's life and work but also to enable his readers "to appreciate more fully the great poetic art of which Tennyson was a master." The little volume will give in an appendix some account of a hitherto unpublished poem. Emerson's "Representative Men" will be included in Messrs. Dent's Temple Classics in a few days.

Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton is preparing for publication by Messrs. Pearson in the autumn a Life of Miss Ellen Terry. He has received assistance from both Miss Terry and Sir Henry Irving.

Mr. Edward Marston has written a series of "Sketches of Booksellers of Other Days"—dedicated to the booksellers of the present—which Messrs. Sampson Low will publish.

We do not yet hear of a manual on Table Tennis, or "ping pong" as it has now come to be called, but Bridge seems to have taken the publishers by storm almost as it has taken society. Messrs. Longmans have in the press "Modern Bridge" by "Slam," and Mr. Henry J. Drane will publish immediately the "ABC of Bridge," by Mrs. E. A. Tennant who has aimed at writing a treatise that is at once simple, concise and reliable. For billiard-players Messrs. Longmans have nearly ready "Side and Screw" being notes on the theory and practice of the game of billiards by Mr. C. D. Locock.

Among the novels which are on the eve of publication are "Bitter Fruit" (Long), by Mrs. Lovett Cameron; "The Seal of Silence" (Smith, Elder), by Mr. Arthur R. Conder, which derives a pathetic interest from the fact that the author died before the book could appear; "The Second Youth of Theodora Desanges" (Hutchinson), by the late Mrs. Lynn Linton (the last novel she wrote); "Our Friend the Charlatan" (Chapman and Hall), by Mr. George Gissing; "Mrs. Green," by "Christina" (to appear in Murray's series of Half-crown Novels); "Marr'd in Making" (Constable), by the Baroness von Hutten; "The Painted Man" (Digby, Long), by Major Arthur Griffiths; and "Horace Morrell" (Drane), by Cecil Haselwood; "Horace Morrell" deals with the Church crisis and will carry the controversy into the ranks of fiction readers. Another novel which has already appealed to the Church is Mr. Daniel Woodroffe's "Tangled Trinities" (Heinemann). For publication a little later Messrs. Methuen have in hand "The Serious Wooing" by John Oliver Hobbes.

The Americans have not yet started to buy up English magazines as they are buying up English steamships, but the number of American magazines which come into the English market to compete with the home product is steadily on the increase. The newest arrival is "The Smart Set" the supply of which was promptly exhausted.

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It will be well then briefly to summarise the chief differences between the edition now before us and that of 1872. (1) It is in four not three volumes: (2) The documentary matter of the former three volumes is substantially reprinted in the same form save that such slight textual corrections—they are surprisingly few—as twenty-eight years have enabled an indefatigable inquirer to make are now introduced: (3) the new letters to which allusion has been made are wisely printed in a volume by themselves with a separate calendar and index of their own, and in this volume named "The Introduction" is also contained the Editor's preface and Historical Essay to the series as a whole. In other words "the separate Prefaces and Introductions to the three original volumes have been cancelled" and fused into one which has been carefully revised to meet the advance made in criticism and knowledge since 1872 and to utilise the new material now published for the first time. This is pure gain in every way. If previously there was good cause for a grumble it lay in the fact that what was really a history of England between 1430 and 1500 as based upon the Paston archives had been split up into three not very convenient parts: and the advantage of reading as a consecutive essay what Mr. Gairdner had to say on the period covered by the Letters is obvious to both student, learner, and the man in the street. (4) The publishers we gladly note have evidently spared no pains or expense to make the reprint worthy of the occasion, with the result that these four handy and agreeably bound volumes are now adorned with charming photogravure frontispieces respectively of the memorable Caister Castle and portraits of the three sovereigns Henry VI., Edward IV. and Henry VII. to whose reigns the Letters belong. We would not seem ungrateful for this gift but we could wish they had also found room somewhere for Richard III. too. Surely he above all deserves to be associated with the present editor, his annalist, biographer, critic and advocate.

Of the conspicuous merits of Mr. Gairdner's share in this reprint it is not necessary to speak at length. Every serious student who has handled the 1872 edition has long known that he is from every point of view an

ideal editor, one whose knowledge of fifteenth-century England is probably unrivalled in Europe in its extent, thoroughness and sober critical judgment. We may say without hesitation that the New Introduction of 350 pages built up out of the Paston Letters and carefully fortified by the other original authorities is now the best short history of England for the period with which it deals, and we say this in no disparagement of the masterly Chapter XVIII. in the late Bishop Stubbs' "Constitutional History," of Mr. Plummer's Preface to Fortescue's "Government of England," Mr. Wylie's or Sir James Ramsay's labours. To criticise it in the sense of traversing its verdicts or challenging its accuracy is impossible; some of us at any rate we hope are not likely to forget that since 1872 it is Mr. Gairdner who has been teaching us, and not we who are likely to be able to teach him. Even where we differ from our teacher in point of view we may well be content to keep our objections to ourselves. It is for example possible for an expert to dispute Mr. Gairdner's conclusion in minute matters of chronology, in the dating of this or that particular letter; and Prof. Tout perhaps will not be altogether satisfied that his suggested corrections (vide "The Dictionary of National Biography") have not been adopted on reflection in the present reprint. But the discussion of each of these would require a couple of columns and we may safely leave them to those who are prepared to question the elaborate and modestly stated reasons for the dating laid down. Again, a captious critic might be disposed to say perhaps that Mr. Gairdner is a little inclined in his generalisations, particularly in social questions, to make his antitheses a trifle too sharp and precise. A student of social customs might be able to show, for instance, that even the "thrashing" of daughters which draws such a curious sentence from Elizabeth Paston ("she hath since Easter the most part been beaten once in the week or twice and sometimes twice in one day, and her head broken in two or three places"!) does not cease with "The New Monarchy" and that girls' broken heads are revealed in other homes than the Pastons' and in other centuries than the fifteenth. But these be toys, as Bacon remarked. On one point alone do we feel stirred to enter a sober demurrer, because it seems to be a false inference based on a misunderstanding. Mr. Gairdner (the italics are ours) writes (vol. i. p. 365) as follows:

"We are reminded that it was at this time usual for those who received a liberal education not only to take a degree in arts, but to proceed afterwards in the faculty of law. *At the Universitas, unfortunately, law is studied no longer, and degrees in that faculty are now purely honorary.*"

Walter Paston to whom the Editor refers studied at Oxford, and we hasten to assure Mr. Gairdner that as to Oxford to-day at any rate he is under a complete misapprehension. Law *is* both studied and taught, and degrees in that faculty are *not* purely honorary. In the Honour School of Law which is one of the branches of the Arts course a yearly average of at least sixty students are classed; there is an elaborate and stiff examination, quite distinct for the degree of B.C.L. which as many know to their cost is anything but honorary, and, except in the half-dozen D.C.L.'s granted annually to distinguished politicians and others *honoris causa* which are really not law degrees at all; a lawyer cannot attain the D.C.L. save by a thesis the standard for which is at once exacting, scientific and enforced. Professors Goudy, Holland, Dicey, Pollock in short would have little difficulty in proving that as regards the teaching, study and examination of law in all its branches the "unfortunate" University of 1901 has a distinct advantage as regards the happy University of Walter Paston's day. And if he will refer to the unquestionable authority of Mr. Rashdall he will see the grounds for that proposition. But if that is so what becomes of the pathetic induction which Mr. Gairdner has drawn in the paragraph quoted?

A final word as to the Letters themselves. For the most part no doubt they may be left, like the cannons of Gustavus Adolphus, to speak for themselves. In 1872 most students felt with good reason that as a collection they were probably unique both for their range, their authority and their interest, and the supplement which

has been added to-day simply rams the conclusion home. Even when compared with the famous Verney collection to which in many points they have so strong a resemblance, their superiority is plainly manifest. The Paston archives in fact have done for the fifteenth century what has only been accomplished for the eighteenth by half a dozen voluminous correspondences and memoirs occupying four times their bulk. Historians of course have gutted them and will continue to gut them for their own particular purposes, but as Mr. Gairdner is careful to point out they are no less important to the student of English literature and English philology, while to the economist and the sociologist they have long been a happy hunting ground. But it is not on these specialist advantages that we would base their final and crowning supremacy. Modern thought has of late rightly laid more and more stress on the absolute necessity of tracing the genesis, development and influence of ideas as one of the cardinal factors in the attempt to piece together any satisfactory and scientific story as a whole of a nation's evolution. The *pièces justificatives* which the disciplined imagination of a Balzac or a Zola demanded as the only basis of a reasonable psychology in fiction which should at once be realist and ideal in the highest sense of those terms have their counterpart in the material out of which the final history of England will be written. And this material for fifteenth-century England is exactly what the Paston Letters have supplied in so abundant and adequate a measure. A Zola or a Balzac could write from their pages just such a series of novels as the imaginative study by a great artist of the human document can create; and what the tested and analysed human document is to the novelist striving to combine the truth with the ideal in accordance with the laws of his art, it is in a fuller and richer amplitude to the historian who must handle nations on his canvas and not merely individuals or families, rightly aware that no generalisations as to nations can be sound which do not rest upon the solid bedrock of a scientific and imaginative mastery of the minds, ideals and environment of the individuals who compose it. How the Paston Letters have enabled the historian to accomplish this task with confidence and certainty requires no proof. It is not the least of Mr. Gairdner's claims to our gratitude that he has done all that in him lies to make the human documents which he has discovered, published and edited, intelligible and ready for use to all who would use them with sympathy, disciplined insight and breadth of detail.

FOOD.

"Food and the Principles of Dietetics." By R. Hutchison. London: Arnold. 1900. 16s. net.

FROM the days of Hippocrates, physicians have busied themselves with the regulation of diet in health and disease, and although fashions of cure by overfeeding and cure by starvation have from time to time had their fleeting vogue, it is curious to see how there is singularly little difference between regimens prescribed by the earliest of doctors and by their most modern successors. The fact is that, although our knowledge of the chemical and physical nature of food materials and of the transformations which they undergo in the body has been largely increased, yet practical experience has anticipated many of the conclusions based on the most careful chemical analyses. We know now that there are three substances peculiarly important in all diet and which may well be called the only actual food substances, regarding food simply as the source of the energy of the living body. These are known chemically as carbohydrates, such as the sugars and starches, hydrocarbons, such as fats and oils, and proteids, such as the albumen of eggs or flesh or the casein of cheese. It is necessary that these three be provided in fairly definite proportions, and beyond certain narrow limits they cannot replace each other. Human experience, unguided by chemistry, has achieved very much the combinations that chemistry would dictate. Thus meat contains fats and proteids, but is devoid of carbohydrates, and mankind has almost universally learned to combine meat with some starchy food such as bread

or potatoes. Fish also is deficient in starches, and we eat fish with a white sauce of which flour is a leading constituent. Macaroni is deficient in proteid, but macaroni with cheese is a well-known combination, and cheese is very rich in proteid and fat. Where we might have expected medical science to come to the aid of experience is in the prescription of diets suitable for different diseases; but here a work, even so careful and modern as that now before us, shows how little exact science has yet been able to do in this matter. There is no well-marked form of disease for which diets of the most extremely different nature have not been prescribed with authority and administered with success. In typhoid fever, for instance, nothing would have seemed more firmly fixed as a first principle than that the diet should be liquid and should consist chiefly of milk, the *rationale* being that solid food would tend to inflame and irritate the diseased alimentary tract. But Dr. Hutchison points out that all the ordinary forms of food are reduced to a liquid condition before they reach the inflamed area, and he cites the experience of a famous Russian physician who has had unusual success by treating typhoid patients with an extremely full diet, including eggs, chicken, meat, soup, bread, milk-puddings and so forth. The diet of gout is a subject of great interest especially to those who live a sedentary life with too little fresh air and too much mental as opposed to physical work. But gouty patients will get no advice or comfort from Dr. Hutchison's citation of authorities. All are agreed against excess, especially of strong wines and rich foods, and so far the unprofessional experience has reached, but when it is a question of deciding for or against milk, or meat diets, sugar or starchy foods, then opinions of equal weight are to be found on either side. Perhaps the only general conclusion regarding diet which appears to pervade modern opinion is that an excess of carbohydrate food, whether in the form of starch or the form of sugar, is a more frequent error than excess of fats or proteids. Carbohydrate food is the most readily oxydised, and it happens, or is supposed to happen, in consequence, that when there is not a sufficient supply of oxygen or an excess of substances to be oxydised, the carbohydrates are oxydised first and the proteids, not sufficiently oxydised, form such substances as uric acid with resulting gout or gravel. Dr. Hutchison, however, does not go so far in this direction as some recent work would seem to justify. He still maintains that carbohydrate diet is essential in fevers, although it would appear that ready oxydisation of these must contribute to the increase of temperature, and, while he reproves the common error of feeding young children with too much starchy and too little fatty and albuminous food, he refrains from drawing the natural inference between the rickety condition and the excess of carbohydrate.

This work is most interesting and useful as a careful compilation and study of modern knowledge of the chemical constituents of foods, and of their relation to the production of energy. Dr. Hutchison has paid special attention to the relation of price to value as food, and those who wish to know exactly whether they are paying for flavour or rarity or energy-value, when purchasing food, will find exact information set out in a clear and interesting fashion. Many idols of the market-place are broken, and the proprietors of much-advertised patent foods and beverages are not likely to quote largely from Dr. Hutchison's analyses and grim comments. The information given on meat juices, jellies and extracts is particularly valuable. Physiologists have long known that the gelatine and extractives which form the bulk of these preparations are merely stimulants and do not in any way whatever play the function of real foods, that is to say of vehicles by which energy is brought into the system; but many persons, and particularly the poor, waste a great deal of money upon these under the erroneous impression that such juices are highly nutritious. Many adults and an enormous number of children will be under a lasting debt of gratitude to this book, if the writer's views on cod-liver oil be adopted. However cunningly that nauseous substance be decolourised and deodorised or disguised by spices, it remains one of the

most unpleasant mixtures forced on weakly persons. But Dr. Hutchison has little but contempt for it from the point of view of economy and utility, while his recommended alternatives, cream or toffee, are not likely to be rejected by those for whom they are prescribed.

As was necessary in a volume of this kind, much attention is paid to alcohol as part of the diet in health and in disease. Dr. Hutchison, like the majority of modern physicians, has no extreme opinions about it. While undoubtedly it is a food, that is to say a conveyer of energy, it is not necessary to healthy persons and it is to be regarded rather from Matthew Arnold's point of view as "adding to the agreeableness of life" than as being necessary. But, on the other hand, it is an undoubted help to digestion, and, in the case of the aged and of those whose digestion requires assistance, it is extremely useful. In disease, it is of the greatest utility, partly from the direct effects of the alcohol itself, but almost equally from the effects of ethereal and aromatic bodies associated with it in many wines and spirits. For these reasons the finest liqueur brandies and such wines as old sherrys, very rich in ethers, are of special use. Dr. Hutchison discusses wines and spirits at considerable length, but he follows a mistake almost invariable in the books on this subject. Analyses headed "claret," "port," "sherry," "champagne" and so forth are in reality quite useless, and estimates based on these cannot be applied in ordinary life, for the simple reason that there are enormous differences in the compositions of the different kinds of these common wines. When Dr. Hutchison states that there is ten per cent. of alcohol in hock, nine in claret, seven in bottled beer, four in lager beer, the information means nothing. Is the nine per cent. in the light *vins ordinaires* now increasingly used, or in the "claret" of the grocers, or in the strong wines fortified for the old-fashioned English market, or in any or in which of the vintage clarets? His treatment of liqueurs and "bitters" is even more ludicrously inexact, and, when another edition of his generally interesting and useful work appears, he would add to its value largely by cutting out unnecessary information on the processes of brewing, distilling, and wine-making, and replacing it by exact analyses of specific wines.

A PLATONIC DIALOGUE OF TO-DAY.

"The Meaning of Good: a Dialogue." By G. Lowes Dickinson. Glasgow: Maclehose. 1901. 3s. 6d. net.

THE late R. L. Nettleship used to express to his Balliol pupils a regret that no writer set himself to analyse, *modo Socratico*, the attitude towards life and ethics of average modern men. It is in some sort an analysis of this kind that we have here; and just as Sidgwick's "Methods of Ethics" might give an English reader a very good idea of Aristotle's way of envisaging his themes, so this dialogue in the amenity of its setting, the subtlety of some of its verbal fence, and also in a certain pellucid beauty of style reproduces very accurately the effect of a Platonic dialogue, nor is the likeness less because it ends, like "Rasselas," in a conclusion in which nothing is concluded. The author hopes that his book may appeal to some readers who are not professed students of philosophy, and we make no doubt that it will. It is rather unfortunate that the word "Good" as used, for example, in the first sentence of the "Ethics" should never have got itself properly naturalised in English, and, considering how much writing is done by men who must have become familiar with the concept in college lecture-rooms, it is also rather surprising. In the meantime a modern-side schoolboy would probably recognise it most readily in its Latin dress of the "Summum Bonum." When Tennyson wrote—"Hold thou the Good, define it well"—his subsequent fear that philosophy might become "Procuress to the Lords of Hell" shows that the word "Good" was for him strongly connotative of antagonistic evil, and did not, as so often with the Greeks, stand simply for that at which all human action can hardly choose but aim.

The dramatis personæ of the dialogue, which is

supposed to take place in Switzerland, include, in addition to the protagonist (a college philosopher of most sweetly reasonable persuasiveness) such useful types for dialectical purposes as a temperamental pessimist, a common-sense optimist, a travelled cynic, a man of science, a Radical politician, and an idealistic and highly bumptious undergraduate who indignantly interrupts his seniors without really having anything but assertions to adduce. Apart from the more serious tenour and tendency of the dialogue these clashing personalities strike out a good many sparks of epigram, and the travelled cynic especially remains omniscient and undefeated to the end.

"Well," said Dennis, "I am afraid I can't summarise him!" (Hegel). "Can't you?" cried Ellis. "I can! Here he is in a nutshell! Take any statement you like—for example "Nothing exists!"—put it into the dialectical machine, turn the handle and hey presto! Out comes the Absolute! The thing's infallible; it does not matter what you put in; you always get out the same identical sausage."

Without dwelling on the minutiae of controversy we may very briefly indicate the results at which the author rather tentatively arrives, and he has made this the easier by prefixing to his dialogue a very lucid summary. Book I. is mainly devoted to disproving two positions—firstly that our ideas of what is good are chimerical and unrelated to facts, and secondly that they are dependent on instinct, or convention, or on our observation of the trend of nature, or on our appetite for pleasure. It must be allowed that the author seems to fall into the pit dugged by and for those who disclaim achieving finality in the realm of reason and yet refuse to renounce the possibility of such achievement in the realm of morals. The cogency of Book I. consists entirely in the familiar threat, often repeated here, that in rejecting a "general good" we may empty our life of all moral significance and worth—that, in fact, we reject it "at our peril." Book I. ends with the suggestion that good may be apprehended by the interrogation of experience, or, in other words—for it is as well to be as homely as we can in these abstruse matters and to put Greek thought into plain English—"the way to understand it is to do it."

Now, poetry, even when it does not attain the standard of being "the best thoughts in the best language," often sums up a situation with happy conciseness, and as regards the "Interrogation of experience" and, as is here requisitioned, the active direction of our interrogating minds towards a postulated good, we are confronted with the *ἀπορία* of Clough—

"Action will furnish belief. But will that belief be the true one?"

That is the point you know!"

And, again, as regards the threat that we may empty our lives of ethical significance &c. we think of Empedocles in Ætna—

"Nor does being weary prove that we have where to rest."

Of the difficulty implied in these two quotations one may say that "si nec ambulando nec risu cogitando certe non solvitur."

Granting, in the meantime, the position taken up in Book I. that the individual man is not the measure of good, we find in Book II. a more detailed comparison of goods and a more emphatic implication that there must also be a "Good of Goods" which may be discovered and secured. The search in this part of the dialogue is after "a good which might be conceived to be free from defects, such a good being referred to as 'The Good.' This conception of an absolute good was much more congenial and engrossing to the ancients than the moderns, many of whom, even among the thoughtful, are content to acquiesce in the teaching of experience that 'nihil est ab omni parte beatum.'" They catalogue their goods by a process of simple enumeration and agree with Stevenson that chapter 2 of Life may be the differential calculus and chapter 6 hearing the band play in the gardens, or, as he put it in a poem of two lines—

"The world is so full of a number of things
I think we should all be as happy as kings!"

This view nevertheless commends itself as little to our

author as it would have done to his enthusiastic undergraduate, and so, dismissing ethical activity for its own sake, together with the pleasures of the senses, of art, and of knowledge, as falling short of his requirements, he finally leans to the opinion that it is in the "relation between persons" that the desiderated summum bonum is most likely to be found. Agreeing, it would appear, with Aristotle that of external goods friendship is the chief, he adds a touch of modernity in apparently holding that the noblest form of sexual affection is the best type of friendship; and is furthermore of opinion that even the good of friendship cannot be undefective without a belief in personal immortality. It is noteworthy that the concept of "Happiness," which might have been expected to figure largely in a dialogue of this kind, is practically ignored.

We have alluded to the beauty of the author's style—but a casual allusion hardly does it justice. In saturating his mind with Plato he has not failed to put into his English something of Plato's literary charm. He has also the Platonic "high seriousness"—a very different thing from being highly serious—and a feeling for what the Greeks called *δυστοια*—a word quite untranslatable, since "holy" has too ecclesiastical a ring. His treatment, at once thoughtful and lively, of a sempiternal topic must attract readers of all prepossessions and persuasions.

MR. CYRIL DAVENPORT'S "CAMEOS."

"Cameos." By Cyril Davenport. (Portfolio Monographs.) London: Seeley. 1900.

THE appearance of a new English book on cameos is a welcome sign of increasing public interest in those fascinating objects of art. Excepting Middleton's "Engraved Gems of Classical Times," the British Museum Catalogue, Professor Story-Maskelyne's account of the Marlborough Gems, and a few excellent articles by other distinguished experts and scholars, such as Dr. A. S. Murray and Mr. Arthur Evans, dispersed in encyclopædias and artistic reviews, little of consequence has been written on the glyptic art in England of late years. In the lifetime of the learned, curious and, it must be added, inaccurate Mr. King, at least we did not lag behind the Continental nations in producing gem-books of a certain value. But since then France has given to the world M. Babelon's notable work on the cameos of the Paris Bibliothèque, with its useful plates in photogravure direct from the originals, and M. S. Reinach's "Pierres Gravées," reproducing the illustrations of six of the most important older gem-books, with short comments of his own. Germany has just contributed the three splendid volumes of Professor Furtwängler's "Antiken Gemmen," a critical dissertation treating of the whole range of antique gem engraving, with about four thousand illustrations, chiefly photographed from casts of intaglios. This is the existing master-work. Fresh attention to the subject has been excited by all this literature, by the chances offered to amateurs at the sales of the Marlborough, Tyskiewicz and Morrison collections, and by the discovery of new classes of gems in recent explorations. The rearrangement of the Gold Room at the British Museum, where the gems are now admirably shown, has revealed their beauties to the general public for the first time.

Very opportune, therefore, is the publication of Mr. Cyril Davenport's attractive monograph bearing the brief and expressive title "Cameos," which has just been issued as one of the "Portfolio" series. As might be expected of the author of "Royal British Bookbindings," whose intimate acquaintance with several of what are called "the minor arts" has enabled him to translate the external appearance of his favourite book-covers to paper and glass with singular delicacy and minuteness, his new volume possesses a similar distinction. It is not too much to say of three at least of its plates, that they far exceed in beauty and truthfulness anything hitherto attempted as representations of cameos in their natural colours, with the play of light on their polished surfaces, their inner glow, and even some inkling of their stony texture and the vagaries of the craftsman's tool. Of the many-

layered stones, the great cameo of Augustus, and that reputed to portray Julia his daughter as Minerva, and Livia as Diana, are the most worthily transfigured. But a specially delightful surprise is the rendering of the grand phalera with the Medusa head cut in bold relief on a splendid amethyst. The play of light, the hue and glimmer of the stone, with its impressive decoration of the troublous-eyed and tortured face, mazed in a tangle of snaky locks, among which real serpents lurk and twine—all are rendered with the fidelity of a vivid dream, unsubstantial, yet cunningly suggestive. Altogether the book contains nearly sixty reproductions (twelve in colours) of notable cameos and cameo carvings, most of which are in the British Museum, or at South Kensington. Thus the English reader gets charming mementos of exquisite gems which are national possessions, while the foreigner will certainly receive a favourable first impression of some at least of these masterpieces.

The process by which such beautiful results are obtained between the neat covers of a quite inexpensive book is sure to be employed again. There are no doubt elusive secrets about the method, in actual handling, but the basis of each plate is evidently some species of photogravure on metal, for the outlines and some of the shadows. Colour is then added by successive impositions of translucent and not oily pigment, applied probably from wood-blocks, carefully fitted so as to prevent overrunning at the edges. It is stated in a note that all the illustrations were printed by Mr. Edmund Evans.

Of the text of the book it may be said that within the limits of a short treatise intended for popular use Mr. Davenport has included much interesting information, which will be new to most of his readers, and will whet their appetite for more. Much of the material is necessarily condensed from older publications, but there are passages in which the author's personal knowledge of technical processes empowers him to speak with authority of the methods of cutting and polishing gems, and of the artificial colouring or staining often applied to agates, crystals and onyxes, especially in modern times.

It is perhaps a little to be regretted that Mr. Davenport did not confine his use of the word *cameo* to its original signification of a relief cut on a *hard* stone; the only sense in which (however spelt) the word *camahutum* is first found in mediæval Latin. Then he could have omitted the small carvings in bas relief on sea-shells, ivory, and suchlike soft materials, and might have given us a greater number of delightful pictures of real cameos. But this is a trifling cavil, and it is now to be hoped that he will turn his attention to the twin subject of Intaglios, for the success of the coloured plate of the amethyst Medusa suggests that he might succeed in imitating fine intaglios by the method there employed. This would be a notable advance on the present system of photographic reproduction of pale and opaque plaster casts from gems; which indeed show the engraver's handiwork but lose all suggestion of the allied colour and beauty of the stones.

NOVELS.

"Edward Blake: College Student." By Charles M. Sheldon. London: Ward, Lock. 1901. 3s. 6d.

We would earnestly recommend a careful study of Mr. Sheldon's "Edward Blake" to those Englishmen (if, outside the ranks of journalists, such exist) who really believe that the English and American lives have anything in common. The scene of the novel is laid in a "mixed" college in the States. There is a high tone in the college, and the girls attend the debating society, but some of the boys are fast and vicious, and even play billiards. One of them, who had some good in him really, though you would not think it (but who are you that you should judge your brother-worm?), had once had a grandfather—in itself a praiseworthy thing, especially in the States—who occasionally drank a little wine: obviously and naturally the grandson was an hereditary dipsomaniac, and, we are led to think from one passage, drank beer on the top of champagne. Such a lad would break any mother's heart. The

college used to enter football professionals as nominal "students," and when it did not win its football matches, the other students would not subscribe to the football club. But then the girls (who were remarkably free from any silly sentimentality) used to clap the prominent football-players as they walked to their seats in chapel. The boys eked out their living by carrying newspapers down town, wherever that may be, and those of them who were good, manly, upright Christians thereby acquired considerable opportunities of exercising their undoubted talents in espionage, since they had occasionally to deliver papers at gambling saloons. How Edward Blake was allowed to live for a single term in a country that has reduced the bullying of freshmen to an exact science, Mr. Sheldon does not explain. The book would not, except by its crass perversion of the term "Christian," injure the most sensitive conscience. What Mr. Sheldon would have said if any of the young men had done anything really wrong, we cannot imagine.

"Babs the Impossible." By Sarah Grand. London: Hutchinson. 1901. 6s.

As we have learnt by experience, this writer uses the narrative form for the exposition in print of certain very definite theories and grievances; and lest there should be doubt on this matter in the case of the present volume, it appears with a blue pamphlet concealed about its person in which the author explains in interview form its special present protest, which is against the supposed migration en masse of the country gentlemen to the towns, and the consequent deterioration of their feminine relatives into "pathetic victims of nature's atrophy." We have accordingly a fantastic picture of the flutterings caused among the atrophied victims by the arrival of a newly-rich cocktail-mixer with yearnings towards the ideals of "gentlehood," and a catholic taste for feminine companionship; and although there are isolated bits of shrewd observation and expression, the picture has neither verisimilitude nor charm. Through most of the book the precocities of Babs, impossible in more than one sense though she is, supply a touch of stimulative contrast, while even the peculiarities of the cocktail-mixer excite a certain incredulous attention, as might the vagaries of some performing turtle. Towards the end however the sermonising thickens, and the intrusion of the pamphlet, together with the general predominance of "purpose," deprive the book of any strict claims to be treated as fiction at all. Though an author may feel at variance with existing social conditions, their misrepresentation is none the more an element of literary success.

"Among the Syringas." By Mary E. Mann. London: Fisher Unwin. 1901. 6s.

This book bears a distinct stamp of individuality, not so much in the precise nature of its plot, as from the influence exerted on the actors, and especially the half-taught and unconventional heroine, by the generally contracted and unpleasant circumstances in which their lives are laid. The girl Barbara, the curious and shiftless household of her stepfather, the good-natured and vulgar opulence of the woman who comes to fear her as a rival are, to name nothing more, drawn with considerable insight and ability; they tend to excite in the reader however a certain repugnance of taste, which though reprehensible in ethical questions, is after all perfectly admissible in aesthetics. The atmosphere of the book is, in fact, not tainted, but distinctly stuffy. Such readers however as do not mind closed windows in fiction will find "Among the Syringas" well worth notice; the story is well constructed and told sympathetically and sincerely.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Chronicle of Zachariah of Mitylene." Translated into English by F. G. Hamilton and E. W. Brooks. London: Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.

This volume forms one of the series of Byzantine Texts edited by Prof. Bury. The Syriac text was published by Dr. Laud in 1870 from a MS. in the British Museum; this translation, however, is based upon a fresh study of the original. The task of the translators has been by no means easy; in many places the text is obscure, and the number of technical Greek

words, which occur in a much disguised form, are a continual tax on the ingenuity of the commentator. The highest praise is due to the scholarship and learning exhibited in this excellent piece of work, which has made a valuable and contemporary document accessible to the historical student. If the reading of Church history is generally a penitential process, the history of the Eastern Church at the end of the fifth and the beginning of the sixth century is depressing enough. The compiler of the chronicle was a Syrian monk, and an adherent of the Monophysite party, a fact which accounts for the animus displayed against the decrees of Chalcedon and the Tome of Leo. The date of his writing is given as 560; the place was probably Amida, at any rate somewhere in Mesopotamia. He made use of various sources, and among them the Ecclesiastical History of Zachariah, written originally in Greek, which forms the chief authority for books 3-6. Zachariah was a rhetor or scholastic of Gaza, and was living in Constantinople between 491 and 518, when he wrote the ecclesiastical history of the years 450-491. He afterwards became bishop of Mitylene in Lesbos, perhaps by conforming to the Chalcedonian faith; and the chronicle, of which only a part is due to him, is generally known by his name. It may be added that the value of this edition is increased by excellent indices.

"The Story of Egypt." By W. Basil Worsfold. London: Horace Marshall. 1900. 1s. 6d.

This little book, though somewhat in the child's primer style ("while Christ was still on earth, a great Roman general, Germanicus—so called because he had subdued the savage tribes of Germany—visited Egypt"), is a wonderfully complete sketch of Egypt from its earliest days. Mr. Worsfold deals in a masterly way with statistical matters and is evidently au courant with financial and administrative reforms in Egypt; and this information is so clearly and simply given that to acquire it is no effort. This little volume is a most useful addition to Egyptian literature and should prove an excellent handbook to tourist, student, or even European official.

"On Parole." By Mina Doyle (Mrs. C. W. Young). London: John Long. 1900. 3s. 6d.

Lamb has most felicitously defined the impression produced by books like this in a passage which he concludes by saying that at last "a happier genius arose, and expelled for ever the innutritious phantoms." But alas, the exorcism pronounced by the Wizard of the North was only of temporary avail. The phantoms Lamb spoke of crowd upon us again to-day as multitudinous as the shades in Vergil and equally thin and inane. This story—which is domestic and not military—is, to do it justice, quite lucid and no whit worse than its thousands of competitors. Readers who enjoy the novelettes of the "Family Herald" will find adequate entertainment here.

"Warwick Edition of George Eliot's Novels. Adam Bede." Blackwood: Edinburgh and London. 1901. 2s. net.

This is an edition which ought to be very popular. By the use of a thin paper of exquisite texture the whole of the first volume of the series is printed in 826 pages whose typography is admirable for its legibility, there being "ample space and verge" enough to satisfy the most fastidious. The other novels of George Eliot are to be published also in one volume with the exception of "Middelmarch" and "Daniel Deronda," each of which will be in two volumes. The whole will be included in ten volumes.

"Dr. W. G. Grace." By Acton Wye. London: Drane. 1901. 6d.

This addition to the "Bijou Biographies" appears at an appropriate date; the cricketer it celebrates has just proved that in spite of his fifty-three years he is almost as useful as ever with both bat and ball. The life is very clearly and appreciatively written and is a triumph of condensation. The statistics are handled in a particularly interesting manner.

"Essays by Emerson." (First and second series.) London: Dent. 1901. 1s.

These two small volumes containing Emerson's "Essays" and "Nature" are the last addition to the Temple Classics. The text is that of the first English edition, to which Carlyle contributed a short foreword. The only addition consists of five pages of short necessary notes, explaining references.

"A Short History of Mathematics." By W. W. R. Ball. London: Macmillan. 1901.

The third edition of this book, which succeeded wonderfully in the difficult task of making the history of mathematics a popular subject, has several small additions and corrections. The footnotes in themselves supply a very full bibliography of the subject.

"The Handbook of Jamaica, 1901" (London: Stanford. 7s. 6d. net) brings information concerning the colony down to the end of 1900. The handbook is official and is an old friend, as is the New Zealand Registrar-General's "Statistics of the Colony of New Zealand for 1899." "The West African Year Book, 1901" (London: The West African Publishing Syndi-

cate, Limited. 5s. net) on the other hand is a new comer and though not official contains valuable information derived from official sources. Its mining section will, no doubt, be of special service.

The "Parents' Review" (Vol. XI.) is the organ of the Parents' National Educational Union. Mrs. Mason has succeeded in keeping its contributions on matters affecting home training and culture at a high level though necessarily they run somewhat in a groove. Domestic rather than school education is the main concern of the Review, and among the contributors to the present volume are the Lord Bishop of S. Andrews, Mr. James Bryce and Professor S. S. Laurie.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Die Kriege Friedrichs des Grossen. Dritter Theil. Der siebenjährige Krieg, 1756-1763. Herausgegeben vom Grossen Generalstabe. Kriegsgeschichtliche Abtheilung II. Erster Band. Pirna und Lobositz. Mit 19 Karten, Plänen und Skizzen etc. Berlin: Mittler und Sohn. 1901. M. 20.

This enterprise of the German military authorities may well urge our own to emulation. Without flowers of style the work registers facts from every available archive and affords the groundwork for criticism and reflection. Our own Carlyle would have profited by it immensely in his occasionally bewildered "Frederick the Great." This volume with its array of plans and maps only leads us up to the battle of Lobositz. But the introductory chapter concerning the transactions throughout Europe from 1746 to 1756 is of the highest interest and importance. The innumerable series of understandings and counter-understandings, prompted alternately by jealousy, fear and cunning, which arose after the Peace of Dresden, suggests many instructive reflections. We have only space to dwell upon one, which however underlies them all. It is this. Through all the maze of details and rivalries of conflict we witness the development of a great action apart from the actors who unconsciously subserve it, or the by-plots which they played. Thus the mere personal zeal of George II. for his Hanoverian possessions and the mere parasite zeal of those who intrigued for his good graces brought England into the struggle for colonial supremacy. The motive of Frederick the Great was to consolidate Prussia into a first-rate military power. How little could he foresee that the successful effort which forced him into an alliance with England was destined some century afterwards to create, by the same enmity to France which it then fostered as a new departure, the ultimate consolidation of a German Empire; as little did he realise that he himself was a pawn in the great world-drama for England's colonial expansion and hegemony. The great struggles of the eighteenth century, though prompted by dynastic envies or commercial competitions, were all for empire, for something beyond the seas. It is well for us to remember this at a time when we have discerned England's mission to expand, but are only just beginning to discern that expansion is mainly feasible through federation. This lesson is the pith of Professor Seeley's famous book, which, though it ignores personal influence, perceives and enforces the drift of national destiny. And the corollary to this proposition of historical evolutions is that nations themselves have dimly discerned the real issues at stake when their rulers were blind to anything outside the private and unessential incentives. England was for daring France in Louisiana and the Ohio Valley very shortly after the Peace of Aix. This was the real point; but in "history" it was only viewed as abetting "the great plan of Count Kaunitz." The sole statesman who in earlier times seems to have foreseen the real stake of Anglo-French contest was Bolingbroke. Had he been able, as he intended, to restore the nation to its unity, the nation would have perceived it long before Chatham. What says Professor Seeley? "In the history of the expansion of England one of the greatest epochs is marked by the Treaty of Utrecht. In our survey this date stands out almost as prominently as the date of the Spanish Armada." Of the Utrecht Treaty the Seven Years' War was the inner sequel. Let us quote the Professor once more. "That duel of France and England begins that I have already described. The decisive event of it is the Seven Years' War, and the new position given to England by the Treaty of Paris in 1762." The volume before us emphasises, without of course explaining, the importance of Anglo-French colonial struggles in 1750-1755. But it also entirely omits in the diplomatic labyrinth the clue to the "family compacts" between France and Austria in 1733 and 1743; still less does it mention the little-familiar one of 1725. Yet these were never absent from the minds of caballing intriguers. It naturally concentrates itself on Frederick himself, his versatile opportunism, his undaunted belief in himself and Prussia, his resolve for an armed peace as the prelude to a European war. It sheds great light on his relations to Russia and "Brute Bestufhew" (whom by-the-by Carlyle misspells); and it sheds light also on his own personality. "La politique," he writes in 1752, "consiste plutôt à profiter des

conjonctures favorables qu'à les préparer à l'avance." He boasts that more has been done by "a small stroke of the pen" than by aggressive war; and he thus comments on the national vanity of the French. . . . "Et je leur fais l'honneur de tous mes projets comme c'étaient leurs idées que je croyais suivre." The facts of the "Westminster Convention" are well set out: and the personality of Kaunitz who alone at that period made Austria felt, stands forth graphically. It is interesting moreover to learn that it was "Je ne la connais pas"—Pompadour who prevented the outbreak of hostilities between England and France in 1755. She did not want the king to fare so far as America, and so long. The opening scenes of the war are mapped out with elaborate accuracy and analysis. It is a noteworthy contribution, and we await its completion with forestalled gratitude.

Das tägliche Brot. Roman in zwei Bänden. Dritte Auflage, von C. Viebig. Berlin: F. Fontane and Co. 1901. M. 8.

The "seamy side" of existence can be approached from two aspects. It can be either anatomised with photographic "realism;" or the soul of it, so to say, can be interpreted. In this remarkable story (for "romance," in the strict sense it is not) we witness both points of view. Two peasant girls quit the country to earn their "daily bread" in Berlin, where the uncle of one combines a cellar-restaurant with a sort of registry for servants. The heroine is Mine, stalwart, resolved, uncomplaining—a kind of Esther Waters. Her friend is Bertha, undisciplined with a thirst for free existence. Mine's uncle Reschke is a jolly, pagan rough-and-tumble creature with three daughters and a son. Of the daughters, one, Grete (a most pathetic figure), is a Corybant of the Salvation Army; the other, Trude, is a pretty shopgirl; the third, Elli, helps at home. The son, Arthur, is at first ashamed of his home, is a truant at any work, and an excellent type of that ambitious impotence which modern "education" tends to propagate, and which Mr. Wells has recently rendered in his "Love and Mr. Lewisham." With the sordid tragedies that befall him and Mine, whom he eventually marries, with the adventures of Bertha, whose "lebenslustigkeit" culminates in degradation by drink; with the various moods and manners of the masters and mistresses of these girls the first volume is mainly concerned. In the second, opens the poetical portrayal of their lives. We cannot praise it sufficiently. The death of Grete, the tussle of Mine with pinching poverty, the violent feebleness of Arthur, the kindness and goodness of the Müldner family, are rendered with a master hand. Mine is reduced to hawk newspapers in the streets; Arthur, to be a "sandwichman." All the characters live and are convincing. That the book is a truth we are sure; and not the least beautiful of its lessons is the influence of children on their parents. The recital is painful but is not depressing. Its motto is "Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses;" the succeeding clause in the Prayer of Prayers forms also part of its theme. Few sadder or more striking presentments of the return of the betrayed to her home have been written than the scene of Mine's, and her repulse by her father. Her determination to face facts, to work on, and patiently endure to the end is eventually rewarded. The book is totally devoid both of false sentiment and sham "reality." It is a work to make us ponder and pity, remember and forgive. It is a work too that sets one thinking on the responsibilities of employers, on the pricking goads, as well as the carking cares of large cities, and on the power of peasant force and fidelity to surmount the suffering they entail.

Ohne Liebe. Roman. Zwei Teile in einem Bande. Von Henriette von Meerheimb. Berlin: Verlag von Otto Janke. 1901. M. 5.

On the principle, we suppose, that we seldom explore the familiar, Germany has been unfruitful in romances about petty Courts. We with our "Prince Otto" and "Prisoner of Zenda"—and much earlier the episodes in "Vivian Grey"—are more accustomed to Liliputian fairy tales. The interest centres on Kronstein—the new military preceptor to a young prince and Brigitta the beautiful lady-in-waiting, who dares to scheme for an alliance with the prince's reigning brother, and ends by accepting out of pique and "without love" the tutor whom sad experience teaches her afterwards to adore. If the scene were not a Court there would be little fresh in the story. But it is brightly written and with some keen observation of character. There is a good passage for example about the humiliations that courtiers have to endure in their efforts to realise the maxim, "Ote-toi que je m'y mette." The style too is crisper than usual in German "romances;" and, as all ends considerably happier than a marriage bell, the book will win readers, though it cannot be called more than an ephemeral success. It is full of English expressions. If we are unpopular in Germany, our language is certainly the reverse. Perhaps the more they read us, the less they like us?

Das Litterarische Echo for the second half of April contains little more than a bare mention of the continuation of Heine's "Harzreise," which Dr. H. Meyer has published in Leipzig. It has further an appreciation of Montaigne. The same periodical

(Continued on page 612.)

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for the first half of May contains an interesting notice by Ludwig Geiger of Arthur Chuquet, a Frenchman who has essayed to make not only his compatriots, but Germans also, understand Germany. There is also a review of "Eleanor." The writer, while denying to Mrs. H. Ward "the sunny land of humour," sees in this volume with all irrelevancies her emancipation from "the governess novel," and considers that the romance is a turning-point in her creative career.

Landwirtschaft und Kolonisation im Spanischen Amerika. Von Professor Dr. Karl Kaerger. Leipzig: Verlag von Duncker und Humblot. 1901. M. 42.80.

Two huge volumes of complete statistical instruction. The author was accredited as expert to the German embassies in Buenos Aires and Mexico. The work is of the highest importance to emigrants, and to all interested in their welfare. Every department of industry agricultural and commercial is described; all their conditions are comprehensively and succinctly expounded. It is an exhaustive, but, for the non-statistical mind, perhaps an exhausting compilation.

We have not yet received the May number of the "Deutsche Rundschau" and must therefore reserve it for our next review.

For This Week's Books see page 614.

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WAIHI GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

THE ordinary general meeting of the above was

held on Tuesday, at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. Thomas Russell presiding. The secretary having read the notice convening the meeting, the chairman stated that during the year, besides the ordinary work in the mine and the continued explorations in the fourth and upper levels, they had been preparing for opening the fifth or deepest level of the mine at 400 feet below the adit level. At the same time they had been engaged in sinking shafts, erecting engines, fixing boilers, and generally equipping these shafts for opening levels in succession down to 1,000 feet. They had been connected with the company's railway, and all the necessary appliances had been constructed for cheaply handling the large masses of ore coming and to come to the surface through them. These new works were the necessary sequence of that forward policy which had been adopted by the extension of the milling and reduction plant, and they had facilitated the opening of the fifth level over its extended area. The new plant was the first instalment towards the establishment of wet crushing throughout both mills. This great change was not a light-hearted experiment, but was a careful selected process, determined upon after full personal inquiry in South Africa and every other likely place where good processes were in use, and after repeated experiments at Waihi. Having at some length directed the attention of the shareholders to the most important developments of the year in the mine, the chairman alluded to the connexion between the Union Waihi Company and this company. He stated that the company held 100,848 fully-paid shares out of 200,000 in the Union Company, and that 48,283 fully-paid shares were held by other shareholders. The remaining shares in the Union Company, 50,919, were unissued, and therefore would be divisible *pro rata* between the Waihi Company and the other shareholders, raising the proportions of shareholding interest to 135,293 for the Waihi Company and 64,707 for the other shareholders. Originally, the Union Company held 254 acres, but as the trend of the lodes in the mine was into the Silverton ground, it had for some time been desirable in the interests of the company

to procure the Silverton area. The Silverton area and mill were purchased and paid for partly in shares and partly in cash, and the united area of the property now held was 428 acres. It adjoined the Waihi Company's eastern boundary for a distance of 3,600 feet. Lodes found in the Waihi mine along that boundary should run through the Union Waihi ground, and, *vice versa*, the Union Waihi lodes should traverse the Waihi area. For these reasons it was not politic in the interests of the Waihi Company to allow the Union Company to get into difficulties or to miss the opportunity when it occurred of obtaining the Silverton property. It was believed that the assistance required would be only temporary, and that a large and valuable asset would be saved to the Waihi Company by intervention. From the result of the last few months' crushings and the appearance of the stopes at the present time, it looked as if the turning-point had been reached, and that the debt, now about £70,000, due to the Waihi Company would not be increased, but would be diminished by returns obtained from the Union Company's mine. He thought that the present debt and future burdens must at the first convenient opportunity be put upon the Union Company in such form that all the shareholders should contribute to sustain the burdens or pay the debt. Taking the debt at £70,000, the proportion rightly borne by the Waihi Company was in round figures £47,000, and the loan to be repaid to the company by the other shareholders in the Union Company was about £23,000. The labour question had for the first time given the company trouble in New Zealand, but, in the opinion of the directors, no serious difficulties were likely to arise from it. From inquiries which had been received from some shareholders it might be supposed that a calamity had happened. He could find nothing to justify this anxiety in the condition or prospects of the mine or mill or in the policy of the company. The directors would ask them to increase the capital to £300,000 and to issue 165,000 shares to the shareholders in the proportion of one new share for every two shares held; to spread the payment for the shares over a year by quarterly instalments, and that the instalments should bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. He moved the adoption of the report.

Mr. Henry J. Bristow seconded the motion, which was carried, and at a subsequent extraordinary general meeting resolutions were passed for increasing the capital as mentioned by the chairman.

THE WEST AFRICAN AGENCY.

THE statutory meeting of the shareholders of the West African Agency, Limited, was held on Thursday at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, Mr. R. J. Price, M.P. (the Chairman of the company), presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. A. P. Mack) read the notice convening the meeting. The Chairman: Gentlemen,—Just to go very shortly into our doings since the company was formed three months ago. As you are aware, the reason of our origin was that we should enter into an agreement with the Gold Coast Proprietary Mines, Limited, to float a portion of their property which they did not require to use themselves, and it was upon that programme, no doubt, that our capital was subscribed. The directors' first act on taking office was, after further consideration, to accept the proposal which had been made to them, and to practically enter into an agreement with the Gold Coast Proprietary Mines on the lines of the prospectus issued to you. As a matter of fact, the flotation of the Kwahu Mine has not yet taken place, because

up to date we have not received a final survey of the property. We have reason to know, however, that the survey is practically completed. We are expecting that survey with the report at a very early date, and then we shall be in a position to make what I hope will be a successful flotation of that property. In the meantime, our news from the Gold Coast Proprietary Mines, the property which is now working, and which is adjacent to this Kwahu mine, is certainly good. The work has gone on very actively and the discoveries have been satisfactory. They are making a first-class road, which will add very much to the success of the Kwahu when it has started as a working company, and in addition to that they feel very comfortable, both about their own titles and the titles they will be able to give to the Kwahu when it is formed. The Governor has made a recent visit to that part of the country, and I understand he was quite satisfied with what he saw. We have not a large number of neighbours elbowing us, and whose boundaries may jut over ours; in point of fact, we have the district to ourselves. I believe that our agreements with the native chiefs are thoroughly satisfactory. There can be no question about the bona-fide work which the Gold Coast Proprietary Mines has done, and I think we may regard the titles of the two allied companies as being satisfactory, although, of course, until the Concessions Court pronounces, we, like other companies, cannot consider them definitive titles. So much about the option to float the Kwahu property. In addition, the arrangement provided for a certain interest in each other's shares, which I trust will turn out profitably for both parties. While we have been waiting, your directors have not been entirely idle, as you may have observed from the newspapers and the prospectus sent to you that they had already made one issue. They have made an issue of the Tarkwa Consols, Ltd., which was a very successful one. There was £60,000 to be provided for working capital, and that was largely over-subscribed by the public. The vendors took their interest, I believe, entirely in shares, so that none of the money subscribed will go for anything but working capital. It is a large property, it is in an excellent position, and so far as we can gather the railway runs through it. It is next door to the Tarkwa banket mines, the shares of which I see are at a very large premium, and altogether it seems to start with every prospect of success. Our interest in it is quite a considerable one. The arrangements made with us, although quite moderate and proper arrangements, were so far very satisfactory to us, as it turned out, and we look forward to our interest in the Tarkwa Consols giving a very handsome profit to the company. We have in hand the issue of a company, to be called the Tarkwa Tomenio Concessions, Ltd., which has, I think, more claim to have a good title than any of the successful mines of the other companies on the coast, and which has a title under the order of the Court. It is situated on the River Ancobra, and we believe that the situation is second to none. The Board of the company will be a very strong one, and there will be a proper working capital provided. There is also facility for transport by the river, which exists in very few places. The property is well reported on, and we have every reason to believe that this issue, like the last, will command public support, and be a great success. I think we have made a very good start, and I feel assured that we have more than earned our standing charges, and when we are in a position to take advantage of the arrangement we have made with the Gold Coast Proprietary Mines, I think we may look forward to having a very handsome profit to distribute amongst the shareholders.

A cordial vote of thanks to the Chairman for the excellent statement he had given of the progress of the company concluded the proceedings.

FORTY-SECOND REPORT OF

THE YOKOHAMA SPECIE BANK, LIMITED

(YOKOHAMA SHOKIN GINKO)

Presented to the Shareholders at the HALF-YEARLY ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING, held at the Head Office, Yokohama, on Saturday, the 9th March, 1901.

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED....Yen 24,000,000 | CAPITAL PAID UP....Yen 18,000,000 | RESERVE FUND....Yen 8,310,000

DIRECTORS.—NAGATANE SOMA, Esq. KAMENOSUKE MISAKI, Esq. KOKICHI SONODA, Esq. RIVEMON KIMURA, Esq.
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TO THE SHAREHOLDERS.

GENTLEMEN,—The Directors submit to you the annexed Statement of the Liabilities and Assets of the Bank, and Profit and Loss Account for the half-year ending December 31st, 1900.

The gross profits of the Bank for the past half-year, including Yen 163,591.⁰⁰⁰ brought forward from last account, amount to Yen 5,972,348.⁰⁰⁰, of which Yen 4,218,000.⁰⁰⁰ have been deducted for current expenses, interests, &c., leaving a balance of Yen 1,754,348.⁰⁰⁰. The Directors now propose that Yen 180,000.⁰⁰⁰ be added to the reserve fund, raising it to Yen 8,310,000.⁰⁰⁰. From the remainder the Directors recommended a dividend at the rate of thirteen per cent. per annum, which will absorb Yen 780,000.⁰⁰⁰ on old shares and Yen 390,000.⁰⁰⁰ on new shares, making a total of Yen 1,170,000.⁰⁰⁰. The balance, Yen 404,338.⁰⁰⁰, will be carried forward to the credit of next account.

Head Office, Yokohama, 9th March, 1901.

NAGATANE SOMA, Chairman.

LIABILITIES.	BALANCE SHEET.	31st December, 1900.	
		Y.	ASSETS. Y.
Capital paid up.....	18,000,000. ⁰⁰⁰		
Reserve Fund.....	8,310,000. ⁰⁰⁰		
Reserve for Doubtful Debts.....	231,002. ¹⁰⁰		
Reserve for New Building.....	315,423. ¹¹⁰		
Deposits (Current, Fixed, &c.).....	52,978,953. ⁰⁰⁰		
Bills Payable, Bills Rediscounted, Acceptances, and other Sums due by the Bank.....	71,187,731. ⁰⁰⁰		
Dividends Unclaimed.....	4,094. ⁰⁰⁰		
Amount brought forward from last Account.....	163,591. ⁰⁰⁰		
Net Profit for past Half-year.....	1,590,645. ⁰⁰⁰		
	Yen 152,603,634. ⁷⁰⁰		Yen 152,603,634. ⁷⁰⁰

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

	Y.		Y.
To Current Expenses, Interests, &c.....	4,218,000. ⁰⁰⁰	By Balance brought forward 30th June, 1900.....	163,591. ⁰⁰⁰
To Reserve Fund.....	180,000. ⁰⁰⁰	By Amount of Gross Profits for the Half-year ending 31st Dec., 1900.....	5,808,653. ⁰⁰⁰
To Dividend—			
Yen 6. ⁰⁰⁰ per Share for 120,000 Old Shares = Yen 720,000. ⁰⁰⁰			
and			
Yen 3. ⁰⁰⁰ per Share for 120,000 New Shares = Yen 360,000. ⁰⁰⁰			
To Balance carried forward to next Account.....	404,338. ⁰⁰⁰		
	Yen 5,972,348. ⁰⁰⁰		Yen 5,972,348. ⁰⁰⁰

We have examined the above Accounts in detail, with the Books and Vouchers of the Bank and the Returns from the Branches and Agencies, and find them to be correct. We have further inspected the Securities, &c., of the Bank, and also those held on account of Loans, Advances, &c., and find them all to be in accordance with the Books and Accounts of the Bank.

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